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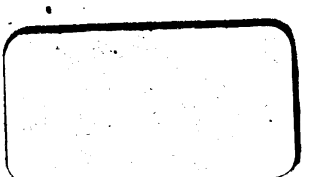

A

SELECTION

OF

HYMNS AND PSALMS,

FOR

SOCIAL AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

NINTH EDITION.

By
Jeremiah Pole Balcony.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS WELLS,

HANOVER STREET.

1828.

Mc 441.145.1825
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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit;*

District Clerk's Office.

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"A Selection of Hymns and Psalms, for Social and Private Worship."

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PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE following selection has been arranged according to the natural succession of topics; this being thought the most simple, perspicuous, and popular principle of classification. If it has been followed out with the precision aimed at, the reader, as it becomes familiar to him, will seldom feel the necessity of an Index. Such a guide has however been furnished. It has been the design of this work to embrace all those pieces which had the claim, either from long popularity or decided merit, to be esteemed as standard devotional poetry; and also, as far as possible, all that variety of subject which public instructions or domestic and personal circumstances require. Hence may have arisen a redundancy on certain topics; or, on the other hand, the insertion of hymns, in some instances, rather from the sentiment than the poetry. It would be a needless enlargement of the work to extend it further than these rules required; and there are few probably, who will not now regard it as abundantly copious.

The compiler has no anxiety after that praise, which with some, it may be, attaches to a work of this kind from the number of originals with which it is graced. Let the reader be apprized that the hymns which appear as anonymous, are such as, from the changes and combinations they have undergone, or from other causes, it was not easy to appropriate. As to many of the rest, alterations have often been made in this work, or adopted from those which preceded it. In the last instance, the authors of these changes are, of course, so numerous, and frequently so uncertain, that to specify them is impossible, and only this general acknowledgment can be made.

If the wish to satisfy the demands of the severest taste has led in any case to the sacrifice of what is far more important, the spirit of true piety, the compiler has failed where his solicitude was greatest; and with examples before his eyes, that if they were ineffectual to warn, may now serve to solace him. Too much of the devotional poetry of recent date evinces, that this union is indeed a rare and high attainment; and not less, that language, however harsh and prosaical, can be more easily forgiven, than the sickly and finical elegance into which a fastidious taste so often degenerates. It has, further, been kept constantly in mind, that practical utility is, or ought to be, the only aim of a work like this. Some pieces accordingly, which the name of sacred poetry might perhaps embrace, and, from the names they bear, were likely to recommend this volume to the mere reader of taste, have yet been rejected, as far foreign from its character and design. It were easy to point to examples of this class; and none would be more surprised probably than the authors of such, to learn that they had ever found their way into collections of psalmody.

The compiler could not be insensible, while preparing this work, to its connexion with the cause of truth as well as that of piety. This truth, variously as it is apprehended, is or should be alike precious to every class of believers. To think therefore of conciliating towards this work universal favour, by merging in it all distinctive opinions,—and those consequently, which meet with his own sympathy,—would be hardly less criminal than absurd. But with the earnest desire and aim to preserve herein the pure faith of the Gospel, he is not conscious of imbuing with a sectarian spirit this offering to the cause of Christ; or of neglecting to render it, as far as may be, inoffensive at least, to his followers of every name.

Cambridge, March 22, 1825.

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L. M.	Long Metre.
C. M.	Common Metre.
S. M.	Short Metre.
H. M.	Hallelujah Metre.
6 l. L. M.	Six Line Long Metre.
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S. P. M.	Short Peculiar Metre.
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6 & 4s. M.	Six and Fours Metre.
10 & 11s. M.	Ten and Elevens Metre.

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HYMNS AND PSALMS.

PART I.

FOR THE INTRODUCTION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1. 7s M.

Praise to the Most High God.

1 Glory be to God on high!
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven:
Glory be to God on high!
God, whose glory fills the sky.

2 Favoured mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

3 Call the tribes of being round,
From Creation's utmost bound;
Where the Godhead shines confessed,
There be solemn praise addressed.

4 Mark the wonders of his hand!
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.

5 Awful being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

2. L. M.

Praise to the One Supreme. *Ps.* xcv.

1 O COME, and to th' Almighty King,
Triumphant anthems let us sing!
To him, who high enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great.

2 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

3 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'T is moved by that Almighty hand,
Which formed and fixed the solid land.

4 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time, nor place, his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

5 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow in adoration there;
To him address in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs!

3. S. P. M.

Assembling for Public Worship. *Ps.* cxxii.

1 We own the grace divine
Which all unites, to join,
And praise and seek their God to-day;
We would with cheerful zeal,
Haste to thine holy hill,
And there our vows and homage pay.

2 Thrice happy is the place,
Where God unveils his face,
The purest pleasures there are found:
His servants there appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
Unnumbered blessings on him rest!

4 My soul shall pray again,—
Peace with this house remain,
For here my friends and brethren dwell;
And since my Father here
Draws to his children near,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

4. C. M.

Invitation to Worship and Ordinances. Jer. L. 5.

1 Enquire, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill;
And thither set your steadfast face,
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join,
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.

4 Come, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands:
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

5 Come, let us seal without delay,
The covenant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.

6 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their fathers' God;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path,
Their youthful feet have trod.

5. L. M.

Praise to the Creator. *Ps.* c. 1. 3—5.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign word, which all things made,
Gave life to clay, and formed us men:
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our nobler, and our meaner frame:
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as thy throne thy truth will stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

6. L. M.

Invocation to Worship. *Ps.* c.

1 LET all thy realms, O earth! rejoice
Before the Lord, their sovereign King!
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
And his unrivalled glories sing.

2 Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless!

4 For he, and he alone is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

7. L. M.

The Christian Sabbath.

1 Again our weekly labours end,
Whilst we religion's call attend:
Arise, my soul; enjoy thy rest,
Improve the hour that God has blest.

2 This day may our devotions rise
To heaven a grateful sacrifice;
May heaven that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it, know!

3 In sacred duties, let the day,
In sacred pleasures pass away:
How sweet this day of rest to spend
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

4 This holy calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of endless rest,
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 O may we share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined the heart,
And doubts and fears no more remain,
To break our inward peace again.

6 Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desired, or wished, below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

8. C. M.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way;
Nor fear, nor doubt, shall enter here,—
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.

3 Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of the soul.

5 Sleep, sleep, for ever, guilty thoughts,
Let fires of vengeance die;
And purged from sin, may we behold
A God of purity!

9. L. M.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay?
How spread his Sovereign's name abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

4 O grant us in this solemn hour,
From earth and sin's allurements free,
To feel thy love, to own thy power,
And raise each raptured thought to thee.

10. C. M.

The acceptable Offering. *Micah* vi. 6—8.

1 WHEREWITH shall we approach thee, LORD!
And bow before thy throne?
Or how procure thy kind regard,
And for our guilt atone?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these our earnest wish succeed,
And make our God our friend?

3 Let no such hopes our souls delude;
Such pompous rites are vain;
But God has shown us what is good,
And how his love to gain.

4 To men their rights we must allow,
And proofs of kindness give;
To God with humble reverence bow
And to his glory live.

5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise;
And cheerful duty will prefer
To costly sacrifice.

11. C. M.

The accepted Worshipper. *Ps.* xv.

1 LORD, who 's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair;
And while he bows before thy throne,
Shall find acceptance there?

2 'T is he whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose tongue disdains to speak the word,
His honest heart disproves:

3 Who never will a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round:

4 Who vice, tho' dressed in pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though meanly clad,
Religiously respect:

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

6 The man who by this steady course
Has happiness insured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand
By providence secured.

12. H. M.

Delight in Public Worship. *Ps.* lxxxiv.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:

O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

13 L. M.

Delight in Public Worship. *Ps.* lxxxiv.

1 WHAT sacred joy thy house attends,
When the whole heart to heaven ascends;
One day thus spent with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 While we can have the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
We would not absent from thee live,
For all a tempting world can give.

3 Blest are the spirits round thy throne,
Who know thee, as themselves are known:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls that find a place
In earthly temples of thy grace:
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
Enquire thy will, and learn to praise.

5 O may we walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

14. C. M.

Sincere Worship alone acceptable.

1 O THOU! whose all-discerning eye
Explores the inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cry,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before thy throne
With honour can appear;
The formal hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground,
Thou wilt abhor the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 O search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then may I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

15. L. M.

Divine Light and Guidance implored.

1 O SOURCE of uncreated light!
By whom the worlds were raised from night,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2 Plenteous in grace descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.

4 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet from wisdom rove,
Uphold and guide us by thy love.

5 Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And to this faith obedient live.

16. 7s M.

Humble Adoration.

1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing—
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored.

2 Though unworthy, let thine ear
Now our humble homage hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.

3 Lead us to that blissful state
Where thou reign'st supremely great;
Look with pity from thy throne,—
Send thy holy spirit down.

4 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.

5 Then with angel-harps again
We will wake a nobler strain,
There in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

6 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join in harmony;
That through heaven's all-spacious round,
Praise to thee may ceaseless sound.

17. C. M.

A Lord's day Hymn.

1 THIS is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies!
My thoughts, pursue the lofty theme,
And to the heavens arise.

2 Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road;
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.

2 Think of the splendors of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly rest contented here,
With worlds beneath the sky.

4 Heaven is the birth-place of the saints;
Thither at length they tend;
Th' Almighty owns his favorite race,
Their Father and their Friend.

5 O may these tender titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence.

18. C. M.

Worship of the God of Holiness. *Ps.* v.

1 LORD ! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Then to thine house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But they who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour, as a shield.

5 O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace !
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

19. S. M.

Hymn for the Lord's day. *Ps.* cxviii.

1 WE hail the glorious day,
With thankful heart and voice,
Which chased each painful doubt away,
And bade the church rejoice.

2 The work, O LORD, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day proclaims it all divine—
This day did Jesus rise.

3 Since he hath left the grave,
His promises are true;
And each exalted hope he gave,
Confirmed of GOD we view.

4 O come the happy hour
When all the earth shall own
Thy Son, O GOD! declared with power,
And worship at the throne.

5 That we possess thy word,
Which all this grace displays,
Accept, thou Father of our Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

20. C. M.

The Lord's day Morning.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant, from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

5 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
Was crucified and slain;
Behold, the tomb its prey restores!
Behold, he lives again!

21. 7s M.

Engagedness in Devotion.

1 LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

2 From thy high and holy place,
Where thou dost in glory reign,
Thou, in condescending grace,
Deign'st to hear the sons of men.

3 Wandering thoughts and languid powers,
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

4 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

5 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temples of the Lord!
Teach them wisdom's heavenly way;
To their feet thy light afford.

6 Now begin the glorious song,
Theme of wonder, love, and joy;
Angels! the glad notes prolong;
Seraphs! 't is your blest employ.

22. 8 & 7s M.

Surrounding the Mercy-seat.

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God and peace within.
Lord! with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above.

28. S. M.

Invitation to the House of God.

1 Come to the house of Prayer,
  O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
  He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of Praise,
  Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
  In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
  For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
  Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
  Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
  Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou whose benignant eye
  In mercy looks on all;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
  And hear'st the mourner's call;

6 Up to thy dwelling-place,
  Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
  And heaven on earth be won.

24. S. M.

Simplicity of Christian Worship. *Ps.* xlviii.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes the church his blest abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well;

3 The order of thine house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And all its grace report.

4 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
Or rites adorned with gold.

5 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die,
Our guardian God while here below,
Ours through eternity.

25. L. M.

The Presence of God in his House.

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

4 Ruler of all, below, above!
Man's noblest work is serving thee;
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony.

26. L. M.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God." *Heb.* iv. 9.

1 Lord of the sabbath! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temples rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord! we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;
Thy servants to that rest aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
That dwell upon immortal tongues.

4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy;
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;

No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death or sin?
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine.

PART II.

OF GENERAL PRAISE, THANKSGIVING, AND PRAYER.

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27. H. M.

Grateful Praise. *Ps.* cxlviii.

1 To your creator God,
Your great preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise:
Let every voice
Proclaim his power,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice.

2 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sovereign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all-diffusive ray;
From morn to night,
With every beam
Record his name,
Who made thee bright.

3 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in silent hosts,
To gild the azure plain;

With countless rays
Declare his name,
Prolong the theme,
Reflect his praise.

4 Let all the creatures join,
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme.
Let nature raise,
From every tongue,
A general song
Of grateful praise,

5 But oh! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise,
Ye highly blest,
Above the rest
Declare his praise.

28. C. M.

The God of Nature invoked.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see!
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God! to thee.

29. C. M.

Devout Contemplation of Creation.

1 Look round, O man! survey this globe;
Speak of creating power;
See nature gives a different robe
To every herb and flower.

2 See various beings fill the air,
And people earth and sea;
What grateful changes form the year!
How constant night and day!

3 Next raise thine eye; th' expanse above
A power unbounded shows;
See round the sun the planets move,
And various worlds compose.

4 Then turn into thyself, O man!
With wonder view thy soul;
Confess his power who laid each plan,
And still directs the whole.

5 And let obedience to his laws
Thy gratitude proclaim,
To him the first, almighty cause,—
JEHOVAH is his name.

30. L. M.

Universal Praise.

1 CELESTIAL worlds! your Maker's name
Resound through every shining coast:
Our God a nobler praise will claim,
Where he unfolds his glories most.

2 Stupendous globe of flaming day!
Praise him in thy sublime career;
He struck from night thy peerless ray,
Gave thee thy path, and guides thee there.

3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 't is given
Night's sable horrors to illume,
Praise him who hung you in yon heaven,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play!
Thunders, that from his arm are hurled!
The grandeur of your God convey,
Blazing, or bursting on the world.

5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Be the almighty God adored:
He made the nations by his power,
And rules them with his sovereign word.

6 At once let nature's ample round
To God the vast thanksgiving raise:
His high perfection knows no bound,
But fills immensity of space.

31. C. M.

Praise the peculiar Duty of Man.

1 LORD of the world's majestic frame!
Stupenduous are thy ways;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Whose motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy glory still.

3 And while these radiant globes of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll;

4 Oh! shall not we of human race,
The glorious concert join?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine?

5 Not all the feeble notes of time
Can show forth God's high praise;
Nor all the noblest strains sublime
That earth or heaven can raise.

6 Yet this shall be our best employ
Through life's uncertain days:
Till in the realms of boundless joy,
We join in loftier praise.

32. S. P. M.

Praise from the Creation.

1 My soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name!
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim:
To God, their Creator,
Let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise!

2 Though, hid from man's sight,
God sits on his throne,
Yet here by his works
Their author is known:
The world shines a mirror
Its maker to show,
And heaven views its image
Reflected below.

3 Those agents of power,
Fire, water, earth, sky,
Attest the dread might
Of God the most high:
Who rides on the whirlwind,
While clouds veil his form;
Who smiles in the sunbeam,
Or frowns in the storm.

4 By knowledge supreme,
By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth
With gracious design;

O'er beast, bird, and insect,
His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
Whose love still sustains.

5 And man his last work,
With reason endued,
Who falling through sin,
By grace is renewed;
To God his creator,
Let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise!

33. L. M.

Praise from the Works of God.

1 GREATEST of beings! Source of life,
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pays to thee.

2 Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs;
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

3 The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.

4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And every flower, and every tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.

5 But man was formed to rise to heaven;
And blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight:

6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

34. L. M.

God adored for his Goodness. *Ps.* cvii. 31.

1 WITH grateful joy, O man! record
The various wonders of the LORD;
And let his power and goodness sound,
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2 Lo! the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light:
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing earth, in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade,
Peopled with life its regions wide,
Life from its plenteous stores supplied.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plain,
And sing its Maker's boundless reign:
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns eternal love!
Thither, my soul! with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore.

35. 6 l. c. m.

Hymn of Universal Praise. *Ps.* cxlviii.

1 WITH grateful heart and cheerful tongue
To God we raise the sacred song,
And praise th' almighty name!
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one harmonious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme!

2 Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,
And as ye wait his throne around,
His wondrous goodness sing!
Let the full choir of saints above
Join the glad strain of grateful love,
And strike th' according string!

3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your maker, GOD,
Ye thunders, speak his power!
Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing
In triumph rides th' eternal King;
Th' astonished worlds adore.

4 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

5 Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing!
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Melodious anthems raise!

To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

6 Let man, with nobler reason fraught,
The feeling heart, the glowing thought,
In God's high praise employ!
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound,
The general burst of joy!

36. L. M.

Praise to the Lord of Nature.

1 O THOU! through all thy works adored,
Great Power supreme, almighty Lord!
Author of life, whose sovereign sway
Creatures of every tribe obey!

2 To thee, most high, to thee belong
The suppliant prayer, the joyful song;
To thee we will attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.

3 Planets, those wandering worlds above,
Guided by thee, incessant move;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honour of their Maker shine.

4 From thee proceed heaven's varied store,
The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
The flying cloud, the coloured bow,
The moulded hail, the feathered snow:

5 Tempests obey thy mighty will;
Thine awful mandate to fulfil,

The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak and blast the ground.

6 Yet pleased to bless, kind to supply,
Thy hand supports thy family,
And fosters with a parent's care,
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

37. C. M.

God's Power seen in the Elements.

1 THOU unseen Power, arrayed in might,
The winds obey thy will;
God speaks,—and in the heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves; and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations! bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs! wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate the God!

38. L. M.

Divine Majesty and Goodness in the Elements. *Ps.* civ.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise,
To God the song of triumph raise;
Adorned with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine!

2 Light forms his robe, and round his head
The heavens their ample curtain spread;
See on the wind's expanded wings
The chariot of the King of kings!

3 Around him ranged in awful state,
Dark, silent storms attentive wait;
And thunders ready to fulfil
The mandates of his sovereign will.

4 From earth's low margin to the skies,
He bids the dusky vapours rise!
Then from his magazines on high,
Commands th' imprisoned winds to fly.

5 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
And showers descend on furrowed lands;
While down the mountain's channelled side
The torrent rolls in swelling pride;

6 Till spent its wild, impetuous force,
And settled in its destined course,
It waters all the fruitful plains,
And life in various forms sustains.

7 Thus, clouds, and storms, and fires obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway;
And while thy terrors round us stand,
We see a father's bounteous hand.

39. C. M.

Providence kind and bountiful. *Ps.* cxlv.

1 My God! while nature speaks thy praise
With all her numerous tongues;
Thy saints should tune diviner lays,
And love inspire their songs.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store,
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 Wisdom, and power, and love, O Lord!
Which all thy works declare,
Should, chiefly, grateful man record,—
Man, thy distinguished care.

4 From thee the breath of life he drew,
That breath thy power maintains;
The same compassion, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

5 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possest;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.

6 Let then thy praise, delightful theme!
Engross my heart and tongue;
And all creation bless thy name,
In one eternal song.

40. L. M.

Man's Dependence upon God.

1 GREAT Cause of all things! Source of life,
Sovereign of air, of earth, and sea!
All nature owns thy power; but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies;
And when opprest with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

3 Children, whose little minds, unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven;

4 Those too who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb;
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come:

5 All, great Creator! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And through each varying scene of life
Alike thy constant pity share.

6 And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast;
Or life still keep its varying course,
Or death invite the heart to rest:

7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey:
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

41. L. M.

The Divine Sovereignty acknowledged. *Ps.* lxxxix.

1 WHAT seraph of celestial birth
To vie with thee, Most High! shall dare!
Or who among the gods of earth,
Can with th' eternal ONE compare?

2 In thee, the sovereign right remains
Of earth and heaven; thee, LORD, alone,
The world and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.

3 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
The sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
And who within thy gates appear,
With God's most glorious presence crowned.

4 For thy stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just honours owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

42. L. M.

Praise to the Divine Beneficence.

1 GOD of the universe, whose hand
Hath filled with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
The peopled worlds fulfil their race;

2 How vast the region where thy hand
Existence, form, and order gives;
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

3 Lord, while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below;
Those praise thee best, whose bosoms burn
To spread the gifts from thee that flow.

4 So at the awful hour of change,
Our frames the bonds of death shall tear,
Through the whole starry vast to range,
Thy bounty to admire and share.

43. L. M.

God exalted above all Praise.

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the majesty of God;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Far in the depths of space thy throne
Burns with a lustre all its own;
There is thy face unveiled, and there
The glories of the God appear.

3 What then shall earth and frailty do?
Yet we would sing thy praises too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 What of thyself in nature shines,
Thy word reveals in clearer lines;
Yet still thy greatness leaves the mind
With all its soaring thoughts behind.

5 Thou art in heaven and man below;
What glory can his praise bestow?
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

44. 7s M.

The Perfections and Providence of God. *Ps.* CXXXVI.

1 LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord for he is kind,
For his mercy shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God,
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state:

3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main:
Who by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:

4 Caused the golden-tressed sun,
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

5 All his creatures God does feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

6 He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

45. 7s M.

The Harmony of Praise.

1 THOU, who dwell'st enthroned above!
Thou, in whom we live and move!
Thou, who art most great, most high!
God from all eternity!

2 O how sweet, how excellent
'T is when tongue and heart consent,
Grateful hearts, and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler! mighty Lord!

4 Decks the spring with flowers the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield!
Giver of all good below!
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.

5 Sovereign Ruler! mighty Lord!
We thy praises will record:
Giver of these blessings! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

46. 6l. C. M.

Invocation of all Creatures to praise God.

1 CREATION'S God! on thee alone,
From earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne,
Be all their praise bestowed!
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finished work surveyed,
And saw that all was good.

2 Ye angels, who with loud acclaim,
Admiring viewed the new-born frame,
And hailed th' eternal King;
Again proclaim your Maker's praise,
Again your thankful voices raise,
And sacred anthems sing.

3 Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamped his image on your clay,
And gave it power to move;
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

4 Ye spirits of the just and good,
Who, eager for the blest abode,
To heavenly mansions soar:
O let your songs his praise display,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more.

5 Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Who shall those heavenly joys obtain,
Prepared for souls sincere;
O praise him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And then for ever there.

47. L. M.

God entitled to perpetual Praise. Ps. cxiv.

1 My God! my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine,
Let land to land aloud proclaim
The matchless honours of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

48. L. M.

Desiring to praise God. *Ps.* lvii.

1 BE thou exalted, O my GOD!
Above the heavens where angels dwell:
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

2 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name:
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame!

3 In thee, my GOD! are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown;
All the rich blessings nature brings,
Are gifts descending from thy throne.

4 High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky:
Thy truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

5 Be thou exalted, O my GOD!
Above the heavens where angels dwell:
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

49. S. P. M.

Hymn of Praise. *Ps.* cxlix.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord!
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In their great Creator
Let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation
Be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name
Devoutly adore;
In loud swelling strains
His praises express,
Who graciously opens
His bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and
His children to bless.

3 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, who defence
And plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations
To him their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded,
And reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above,
His glories who 've sung,
In loftiest notes
Now publish his praise:
We mortals, delighted,
Would borrow your tongue;
Would join in your numbers,
And chant to your lays.

50. L. M.

Hymn to the Deity.

1 LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole Good, give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true.

3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combined,
Thy just commands, O God! fulfil.

4 O! may the solemn-breathing sound
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

51. L. M.

The Glory of God displayed and celebrated.

1 AUTHOR of being! at thy word
When first arose this glorious frame,
Around were harps seraphic heard,
And morning stars their joy proclaim.

2 And when,—to swell thy mercies more,
Jesus, to bless our race, was born,
Archangel voices went before,
And harbingered salvation's dawn.

3 There too where saints perfected dwell,
From sin and care and sorrow free,
In nearer presence blest, they swell
An endless pæan, Lord! to thee.

4 Then let thy feeble children here,
Join with the countless choirs above,
Who round thy throne of light appear,
To hymn thy praise and sing thy love.

52. 7s M.

Praise to God in Prosperity and Adversity. *Hab.* iii. 17, 18.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

3 Flocks, that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds, that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

5 These to thee, our God! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit:

7 Should thine altered hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:

8 Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

53. S. M.

Obligation to Gratitude and Praise.

1 My Father and my King!
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
From whence my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My GOD! thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

4 O what can I impart,
When all was thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord! make me to thy service true,
And fill me with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

54. C. M.

Countless Obligations to pious Gratitude.

1 GREAT GOD! to thee my all I owe,
And shall my tongue be still?
Shall streams of constant mercy flow,
Untinged with any ill?

2 Shall every day new favours bring,
And every night proclaim
My God, their bounteous source and spring,—
And yet unpraised his name?

3 Shall every moment prove his grace
And show his tender care,
And is my heart not found the place
Where warm affections are?

4 Shall each revolving day and hour,
Each season as it flies,
Evince thy ever-bounteous power,
And see new blessings rise?

5 And does my soul no rapture find,
No ardent thanks express,
No praises warm my callous mind,
Who can such love confess?

6 Then, O my God, one favour still
Add to thy boundless store,—
My soul with grateful rapture fill,
To praise thee and adore.

55. L. M.

Thanks to God for Creation.

1 THOU Power by whose command I live!
The tribute of my praise receive:
My being to thy love I owe,
And all the joys that from it flow.

2 Not many suns have formed the year,
And rolled their courses round this sphere,
Since thou my shapeless form surveyed,
'Mid undistinguished matter laid.

3 Thy skill my native clay refined,
Its particles in order joined;
With symmetry composed the whole,
And stamped thine image on the soul;

4 A soul susceptible of joy,
Which ne'er shall force or time destroy;
Though nature's doom demand my breath,
This frame shall triumph over death.

5 To realms of glory it shall soar,
When earth and skies shall be no more:
O God! in vain my voice essays
For this best gift to speak thy praise.

6 How shall the heart its sense reveal,
Where all the power of words must fail?
O may it through my life appear,
And each day speak my thanks sincere!

56. L. M.

Giving Thanks to God in all things.

1 GOD of my life! my thanks to thee,
Shall like thy gifts continual be:
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end nor interruption knows.

2 From thee my comforts all arise,
My numerous wants thy hand supplies,
Nor can I, Lord, be ever poor,
Who live on thine exhaustless store.

3 If what I ask, thy love denies,
It is because thou 'rt good and wise;
And ills which cause my heart to mourn,
Thou canst to real blessings turn.

4 O deep upon my thankful breast
Let all thy favours be imprest;
That I may never more forget
The whole or any single debt.

5 Let me with each revolving day
My tribute for its mercy pay;
And all I am, surrendered be,
A living sacrifice to thee!

57. C. M.

Gratitude to God.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my GOD!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

7 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

58. C. M.

Gratitude to God.

1 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptured heart!—
But thou canst read it there.

2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.

4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sin and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And after death in unknown worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I 'll raise—
For oh! eternity alone
Can utter all thy praise.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] when I rose
[illegible] praise,
[illegible]
[illegible] days!

[illegible] came,
[illegible] tears;
[illegible]
[illegible] prayers.

[illegible] heart,
[illegible] spread,
[illegible]
[illegible] was stayed.

[illegible] was nigh,
[illegible]
[illegible] valley of death,
[illegible] grave.

[illegible] despels
[illegible] night,
[illegible] despair
[illegible]

[illegible] restored!
[illegible] woes!
[illegible] soul!
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] praise!
[illegible]
[illegible] days!

60. L. M.

The Bounties of Providence acknowledged. *Matt.* v. 45.

1 FATHER of lights! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good! from thee proceeds,
In copious drops, the genial rain,
Which o'er the hills and through the meads,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.

3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O GOD! enjoyed in all.

61. L. M.

Praise for temporal and spiritual Blessings. *Ps.* ciii.

1 BLESS, O my soul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Let not the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot.

3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And soothes the pains which nature feels;
Relieves our sicknesses, and saves
Our wasting lives from threatening graves.

4 Our youth decayed, his power renews,
Each year new acts of mercy views;
And while he present good supplies,
Bids perfect bliss in prospect rise.

5 The weak, by lawless power opprest,
May on his arm securely rest,
Who will his justice wide display
In the last, great rewarding day.

6 His power he showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands;
But made his truth and mercy known
To all the nations by his Son.

7 Let the whole earth his power confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

62. C. M.

Gratitude to the unceasing Goodness of God.

1 FATHER divine! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.

5 In all the various scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

63. L. M.

The innumerable Mercies of God thankfully owned.

1 WITH glad amazement, Lord! I stand,
Amidst the bounties of thy hand;
How numberless these bounties are,
How rich, how various, and how fair!

2 But O what poor returns I make!
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back!
I own with sorrow and with shame,
My offerings scarce deserve the name.

3 To thee I consecrate my praise,
And vow the remnant of my days;
Yet what at best can I pretend,
Worthy such gifts from such a Friend!

4 In deep abasement, Lord! I see
My emptiness and poverty:
Give me a likeness more divine,
And make me worthier to be thine.

5 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
That heaven may echo with my song;
The theme, too great for time, shall be
The joy of immortality.

64. C. M.

Praise to God in Life and Death.

1 My soul shall praise thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ:
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

3 In all thy mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows,
Estrange my heart from thee.

4 When gloomy care, or keen distress,
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.

5 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

6 Through every changing stage of life,
Each bright, each clouded scene;
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

7 And though these lips shall cease to move,
Though death shall close these eyes,
Yet shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

8 Then shall my powers in endless strain
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

65. L. M.

God the Author of our Comforts and Hopes. *Ps.* cxvi. 8, 9.

1 GREAT Source of life! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee, the vault of heaven was spread;
By thee, the earth's foundations laid;
And all the scenes of man's abode
Proclaim a wise and gracious God.

3 Thy quickening hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 Our lives are sacred to the LORD;
Kindled by him, by him restored:
And, while our hours renew their race,
May sin no more these hours disgrace!

5 So when, at length, by thee we 're led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With hope triumphant may we move
To scenes of nobler life above!

66. C. M.

The peculiar Goodness of God to his People. *Ps.* xxxi. 19.

1 WITH pleasing wonder, LORD! we view
The bounties of thy grace;
How much bestowed, how much reserved
For those that seek thy face.

2 Thy liberal hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And in the covenant of thy love
They find diviner store.

3 Here mercy hides their numerous sins,
Here grace their souls renews;
Here hope, and love, and joy, and peace
Their heavenly beams diffuse.

4 But O! what treasures yet unknown
Are stored in worlds to come!
If these th' enjoyments of the way,
How happy is their home!

5 God to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

6 Thus love through all our being flows,
An unexhausted stream:
And shall upon thy sacred mount
Still be my ceaseless theme.

67. 6l. C. M.

The Love of God.

1 My God! thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'T is love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.

4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There, faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

5 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude:
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

68. L. M.

Praise to God through our whole Existence. *Ps.* cxlvi. 2.

1 GOD of my life! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that blest morn is come,
Which breaks the slumber of the tomb,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

6 'Praise shall employ my nobler powers,
While immortality endures:'
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity.

69. C. M.

Adoration and Prayer to the Supreme.

1 WHILE raptured saints adoring stand,
And burning seraphs sing,
Trembling, I wait thy just command,
My Father, God, and King!

2 Thou Source of everlasting good,
Whose bounty flows to all!
Whose power restrains the swelling flood;—
O hear! to thee I call.

3 Thy presence fills unbounded space,
Directs the reasoning mind:
Through nature's various parts we trace
Her GOD: her GOD we find.

4 Thy wisdom paints each springing flower,
And shades the blushing green;
Thy goodness falls in every shower,
In every shower is seen.

5 Whene'er thy wisdom thinks it fit
To shake this clay-built frame,
Teach me with patience to submit,
In faith, to bless thy name.

6 Let not the stream of partial ill
My better thoughts betray,
But truth and reason guide me still
Along the heavenly way.

70. C. M.

Prayer for Christian Graces.

1 To THEE, O God! my prayer ascends,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
That clothe the eastern shores:

2 Nor that deluding, empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness, with its pride and state,
My restless thoughts inflame:

3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms
My fond desires allure;
But nobler things than these, from thee,
My wishes would secure.

4 The faith and hope of things unseen
My best affections move;
Thy light, thy favour, and thy smiles,
Thine everlasting love.

5 These are the blessings I desire;
Lord, be these blessings mine—
And all the glories of the world
I cheerfully resign.

71. 6l. C. M.

Heavenly Wisdom implored.

1 To THEE, supreme, eternal Mind,
All-wise, all-perfect, ever kind,
My thoughts direct their flight;
Wisdom 's thy gift, and all her force
From thee derived, unchanging source
Of intellectual light.

2 To me her better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refined;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For power, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er the mind.

3 O send her sure, her steady ray
To regulate my doubtful way
Through life's perplexing road;
The mists of error to control,
And through its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good.

4 Beneath her clear-discerning eye,
The visionary shadows fly
Of folly's painted show;
She sees through every fair disguise,
That all but virtue's solid joys
Is vanity and woe.

72. C. M.

Aspiration after the Christian Temper.

1 THOU great and universal Lord!
Of life the only spring!
Creator of unnumbered worlds!
Supreme, eternal King.

2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride;
Nor let me in forbidden paths
With thoughtless sinners glide.

3 Whate'er thy all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creatures fit,
I 'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

4 With generous pleasure let me view
The prosperous and the great;
Malignant hatred let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.

5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known:
Oh! give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for mine own.

6 Feed me with necessary food;
I ask not wealth nor fame:
Give me an eye to see thy works,
A heart to bless thy name.

7 Still let my days serenely pass
Without remorse or care;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

73. S. M.

Virtuous Desires. *Ps.* xxv.

1 O GOD! thou just and kind,
The erring mind instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Its wandering steps conduct.

2 Do thou the humble guide,
And teach the meek thy way;
Kindness and truth be shown to all,
Who thee in truth obey.

3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love;
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 O! ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

74. L. M.

Devout Aspirations.

1 SUPREME and universal light!
Fountain of reason! judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:

2 Without whose kind, directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tost,
And in a maze of error lost.

3 Assist us, Lord! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

4 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.

5 No slaves to profit, shame, or fear,
O may our steadfast bosoms bear

The stamp of heaven, an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art!

6 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

7 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more we wish, no more we want;
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

75. C. M.

Spiritual Blessings implored.

1 FOUNTAIN of blessing! God of love!
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heaven-ward our every wish aspires;
For all thy mercy's store,
The sole return thy love requires,
Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open, Lord,
Our hearts t' embrace thy will;
Renew us by thy quickening word,
And from thy fulness, fill.

5 O may we travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
Till by thy wisdom and thy strength,
We see our Father, God!

76. C. M.

Prayer for Divine Aid and Guidance.

1 ETERNAL Source of light and thought!
Supremely good and wise!
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2 Thy quickening energy is felt
Through nature's ample round;
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,
Its impress, Lord! is found.

3 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Kindle in these cold hearts thy love,
And tune our tongues to praise.

4 Do thou but grant thy needful aid,—
We 'll do and bear thy will;
Thy grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.

5 O safely gulde us by that grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
To pleasures which for ever flow
From the right hand of GOD!

77. C. M.

The Universal Prayer.

1 FATHER of all! whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,
From every clime let praise ascend,
And every age adore.

2 Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined,
To know but this—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do:
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

4 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent;
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

5 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

6 To thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise!

78. C. M.

The Universal Prayer.

1 O LORD! to earth's contracted span
Thy love I would not bound;
Or think thee kind alone to man,
When thousand worlds are round.

2 Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw;
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

3 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

4 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life, or death.

5 This day be bread and peace my lot;—
But all beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let thy will be done.

79. C. M.

Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER in heaven! thy sacred name
In hallowed strains be sung;
Thy kingdom spread o'er all the earth;
Thy praise fill every tongue.

2 By happy spirits round thy throne,
As thy commands are done;
So be thy perfect will obeyed,
By all beneath the sun.

3 Our numerous wants are known to thee,
Who canst alone supply;
O grant, each day, our daily bread,
Nor higher good deny.

4 Forgive our sins, as we forgive
The wrongs that others do;
Nor let temptations press around,
Lest we those sins renew.

5 Thou art our safety and defence,
When dangers threatening stand;
O turn aside impending ills,
With thy Almighty hand.

6 Thy sacred name we thus adore
With cheerful, humble mind;
And praise thy goodness, power, and truth,
Eternal, unconfined!

PART III.

FOR PARTICULAR SUBJECTS OF DISCOURSES.

80. L. M.

The Voice of God in his Works. *Ps.* xix. 4—6.

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine—
"The hand that made us is divine."

81. L. M.

The Voice of Nature.

1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise!

2 The rising sun serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around;
And fruitful fields and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crowned.

4 Almighty goodness, power divine,
The hills, and vales, and groves display;
And bless the hand that made them shine,
With various charms profusely gay.

5 The flowery tribes all blooming rise
Above the faint attempts of art:
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

6 What curious mind that roams abroad,
And views creation's wonders o'er,
Can fail to own a present God,
To bow before him and adore?

82. L. M.

The one living and true God. *Ps.* lxxxvi.

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
By none controlled in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.

3 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.

4 Spread thy great name through every land,
All idol deities dethrone:
Subdue the world to thy command,
And reign unrivalled, God alone.

83. 6s M.

"Jehovah, our God, is one." *Mark* xii. 29.

1 THOU, God, who reign'st alone
O'er earth, and sea, and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound thy honours high.

2 Thee all in heaven above,
Thee all on earth below,
Th' exhaustless source of love,
The great Creator know.

3 God formed the living frame,
He gave the reasoning mind;—
Then only he may claim
The worship of mankind.

4 So taught thine only Son,
Blest messenger of grace!
Th' Eternal is but one,
No second holds his place.

84. L. M.

To the unknown God.

1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our labouring powers with reverence own,
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

85. L. M.

The Divine Perfections above our Comprehension. *Job* xi. and xxvi.

1 CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'T is high as heaven, 't is deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads through all the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

4 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall utter all his praise!
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand!

86. L. M.

The Majesty of God. *Isa.* xl. 15, 16, 17.

1 YE weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day!
Low in your native dust bow down
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.

2 With trembling heart, with solemn eye,
Behold Jehovah seated high;
And search what worthy sacrifice
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

3 Let Lebanon her cedars bring
To blaze before the sovereign King;
And all the beasts, that on it feed,
As victims at his altar bleed.

4 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round,
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.

5 Joined with the living, let the dead,
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread;
And while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.

6 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, great GOD! to thee.

87. C. M.

God's Eternal Dominion.

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
How frail and helpless we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas and stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there 's nothing new.

5 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
How frail and helpless we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

88. L. M.

God Eternal and Immutable.

1 ALL-powerful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come
And everlasting is thy reign!

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain!
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Nature her order shall reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crowned;

5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destined path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the world his devious track:—

6 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will:
But thou for ever art the same,
I AM is thy memorial still.

89. 10s. M.

God's unrivalled and immutable Dominion.

1 THOU Power! who dost with absolute command
Sway the broad ocean and the steadfast land;
Who reign'st on high, unbounded and alone,
While all creation hangs upon thy throne;

2 This earthly globe, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by thy right hand, must pass away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires and the pride of kings:

3 The sun himself, with gathering clouds oppress,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;
His golden urn shall break, and useless lie,
Amid the common ruins of the sky;

4 But fixed, O GOD! for ever stands thy throne:
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone:
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected, or diffused, is still the same.

5 But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise:
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight control;
Revere him in the stillness of the soul.

90. L. M.

God's universal Knowledge and Presence. *Ps.* cxxxix.

1 FATHER of all! omniscient mind!
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend?

2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundless view?

3 If up to heaven's ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
In splendour there supremely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.

4 Thee, mighty God! my wondering soul,
Thee all her conscious powers adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.

5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in every vital part;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart.

6 To thee, from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the heaven I know,
Inspired with this exalted theme,
To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

91. C. M.

Universal Presence of God.

1 My heart and all my ways, O God!
By thee are searched and seen;
My outward acts thine eye observes,
My secret thoughts within.

2 Attendant on my steps, all day
Thy providence I see;
And in the solitude of night
I 'm present still with thee.

3 No spot the boundless realms of space
Whence thou art absent, know;
In heaven thou reign'st a glorious King,
An awful Judge below.

4 Goodness, and majesty, and power,
Through all thy works are shown;
Richly displayed in nature's frame,
And richly in my own.

5 To all my parts their place and use
Thy wisdom had assigned,
Ere yet those parts a being had,
But in thy forming mind.

6 O! if within my thoughtless heart,
Thou aught should'st disapprove,
The secret evil bring to light,
And by thy grace remove.

7 If e'er my ways have been perverse,
Or foolish in thy view,
Recall my steps to thy commands,
And form my life anew.

92. L. M.

The All-seeing God. *Ps.* cxxxix.

1 LORD! thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My waking and my sleeping hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?

6 Could I the wings of morning gain,
And fly beyond the western main,

Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest the fugitive.

7 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

8 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there.

93. C. M.

The universal Presence and Providence of God.

1 GREAT GOD, how vast is thine abode!
Mysterious are thy ways!
Unseen thy footsteps in the air,
And trackless in the seas.

2 Yet, the whole peopled world bespeaks
Thy being and thy power,
'Mid the resplendent blaze of day,
And awful midnight hour.

3 Nor all the peopled world alone,
Rich fields and verdant plains,
But lonely wilds by man untrod,
Where silent horror reigns.

4 The howling wind, the beating rain,
The sea's tumultuous roar,
These in tremendous concert joined,
Proclaim thy boundless power.

5 Through all creation's widest range,
The hand of Heaven is near:
Where'er I wander in the world,
Lo! God is present there.

94. C. M.

Universal Goodness of God.

1 LORD! thou art good: all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

2 The whole, and every part proclaims
Thine infinite good will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And blooms on every hill.

3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
Through ages past and gone;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.

5 Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part:
O may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart!

6 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move!
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love!

95. L. M.

The Divine Goodness. *Ps.* xxxiv. 8, 9.

1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord! thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow,
Down to th' abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works thy glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine:
And thou hast raised within our frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart,
To taste and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love, and reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

4 Let nature burst into a song:
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong!
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise!

5 Join, O my soul, the general song,
To thee its sweetest notes belong;
Blest above all by love divine,
To praise is eminently thine.

96. C. M.

God's Foreknowledge and Decrees.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And own your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God!

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Unnumbered ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
Whate'er through endless years should rise,
Stood present to his thought.

4 His mighty voice bade ancient night
Her endless realms resign;
And lo! ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

5 There 's not a sparrow nor a worm
O'erlooked in his decrees:
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks with equal ease.

6 If light attend the course we go,
'T is he provides the rays;
And 't is his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud our days.

7 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love!
We would not wish to know
What in the book of thy decrees
Awaits us here below.

8 Be this alone our fervent prayer;
Whate'er our lot shall be,
Or joys or sorrows, may they form
Our souls for heaven, and thee!

97. C. M.

God the Creator. *Gen.* i.

1 O LORD, how excellent thy name!
How glorious to behold,
Engraven fair on all thy works
In characters of gold!

2 On heaven's immeasurable face,
In lines immensely great;
In small, on every leaf and flower,
CREATOR-GOD is writ.

3 By his almighty word at first
The arch of heaven was reared;
And all the beauteous host of light
At his command appeared.

4 Above the ocean, dark and wild,
Arose the swelling land;
And raging waves in narrower bounds,
Obey the high command.

5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
He crowned the new-formed earth;
And to the various brutish tribes
Ordained their wondrous birth.

6 Then man, the last and noblest work
Of all this nether frame,
With the first vital breath he drew,
Confessed from whence he came.

7 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand,
Who spake! and all creation rose
Beneath his forming hand.

98. C. M.

Constancy of the Course of Nature.

1 THE starry hosts in order move,
Observant of their bounds;
And every year, and every day,
The sun repeats his rounds.

2 While generations rise and fall,
Immortal is the race;
And time may shift the fading scenes,
But not the earth displace.

3 What winter's withering breath destroys,
The following spring supplies;
And age, in vigorous youth renewed,
Beholds itself, and dies.

4 The life by thee preserved, O God!
Shall all be spent for thee;
And flowing bear thy praise along
To vast eternity.

99. L. M.

The Divine Perfections and Providence. *Ps.* xxxvi. 5—9.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines:
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
Which veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathomed depths thy mercies are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance may the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust.

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from the fountain-head,
Of joys which shall for ever last.

5 O let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display,
With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day.

100. L. M.

God, the Source of Life to the whole Creation. *Ps.* civ.

1 How vast thy works, Almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word!
Thy glories in the heavens we see,
The spacious earth is full of thee.

2 The countless tribes of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand:
And while they take their various food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce thee good.

3 If thou the vital air deny,
Behold them sicken, faint, and die,
Dust to its kindred dust returns,
And earth her ruined offspring mourns.

4 But soon thy breath her loss supplies:
She sees a new-born race arise,
And o'er her regions scattered wide,
The blessings of thy hand divide.

5 To God, in joyful strains, my tongue
Shall pour the tributary song!
And long as breath inspires my frame,
The wonders of his love proclaim.

101. C. M.

God, our constant Benefactor.

1 THOU great Creator, Father, Lord,
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 When reason with my stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray!
How little of my God I knew!
How apt from thee to stray!

4 What countless blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turned mine eye!
How many past almost unknown,
Or unregarded by!

5 Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares o'erspread my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my preserver, God.

6 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'T was thine unceasing love
That saved me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.

7 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thine exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count these mercies o'er.

8 O, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Perfect, my God! thy wondrous grace,
And lift me to the skies.

102. L. M.

Dependence of all Creatures on Providence.

1 O LORD of earth, and seas, and skies!
Thy wealth the needy world supplies;
All that is good thou wilt impart,
And all impending ill avert.

2 Supplied from thine unbounded store,
How much we owe,—yet need we more:
Still on that care our hopes depend,
Which will to every want extend.

3 What though alarms our peace invade?
Our refuge is beneath thy shade;
Our trust in thine almighty love
Bids every groundless fear remove.

4 Nor to the human race alone,
Is thy paternal goodness shown;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Partake the universal care.

5 Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the stroke of death:
He hears the ravens when they call,
The Father and the Friend of all.

103. C. M.

Divine Providence and the Folly of Self-Dependence.

1 GOD reigns; events in order flow
Man's industry to guide;
But in a different channel go
To humble human pride.

2 The swift not always in the race,
Shall win the crowning prize;
Not always, wealth and honour grace
The labours of the wise.

3 Ye crafty, scheme your winding way,
God shall confound your skill;
Know, time and accident obey
His all-directing will.

4 Fond mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest:
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblessed!

5 Evil and good before thee stand,
Their mission to perform:
The sun shines bright at thy command,
Thy hand directs the storm.

6 In all our ways we humbly own
Thy providential power:
Entrusting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

104. 6 *l.* L. M.

God, our Shepherd. *Ps.* xxiii.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

105. C. M.

God, every where the Refuge of his Servants.

1 How are thy servants blest, O LORD!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.

4 Though by the dreadful tempest tossed
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

6 From all our griefs and straits, O LORD!
Thy mercy sets us free,
While in the confidence of prayer,
Our hearts take hold on thee.

7 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we 'll adore;

And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

8 Our lives, while thou preserv'st our lives,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And O may death, when death shall come,
Unite our souls to thee!

106. L. M.

Man's Dependence on God.

1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O GOD! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou seest fit, may blast them all.

4 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

5 Be this my care!—to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great GOD! on thee.

107. L. M.

Equity of the Divine Dispensations.

1 WHO, gracious Father! shall complain
Under thy mild and equal reign?
Who does a weight of duty share,
More than his aids and powers can bear?

2 With differing climes and differing lands,
With fertile plains and barren sands,
Thy hand hath framed this earthly round,
And set each nation in its bound.

3 Varied alike, thy moral ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day;
The God of all, unkind to none,
To all the path of life has shown.

4 O the abounding grace which brought
To us, the words by Jesus taught!
So blest and with such hopes inspired,
How much is given, how much required!

108. C. M.

God, no Respecter of Persons.

1 WITH eye impartial, heaven's high King
Surveys each human tribe;
No earthly pomp thy eyes can charm,
Nor wealth thy favour bribe.

2 The rich and poor, of equal clay
Thy powerful hand did frame;
All souls are thine, and thee alike
Their common Parent claim.

3 Thou oft dost visit in thy love
The captive's lonely cell;
And with the penitent who mourns,
'T is thy delight to dwell:

4 The downcast spirit to revive,
The sorrowful to cheer;
And from the bed of dust, to raise
The man of heart sincere.

5 With thee, dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race:
The souls, which thou hast formed, shall find
A refuge in thy grace.

109. C. M.

The Mystery and Benignity of Providence.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own intrepreter,
And he will make it plain.

110. L. M.

Faith in God in the Darkness of Providence.

1 LORD! we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,—
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now clouds obscure thine awful face,
And gathering darkness veils thy smile,
Yet through the clouds we see thy grace
And trust in thy compassion still.

3 Through every scene of deep distress,
We walk by faith and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
And cheers the gloom of darkest night.

4 FATHER! if thou with lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still may we lean on thee, our God,
And may thine arm support us through.

111. S. M.

Confidence in the Divine Government.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed,—
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
He shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not;—
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, LORD;
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking head,
Confirm the feeble knee.

5 To each thou dost divide
His lot of good and ill;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordained by heaven's high will.

6 Let man conform his mind
To every changing state;
Rejoicing now, and now resigned,
And the great issue wait.

7 Hopeful and humble take
Thy evil and thy good;
Nor by presumption nor despair,
Weak mortal, be subdued.

112. C. M.

The Vicissitudes of Providence.

1 THE gifts indulgent heaven bestows,
Are variously conveyed;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.

2 While changing aspect all things wear,
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind?

3 More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.

4 Then, Christian! send thy fears away,
Nor sink in gloomy care;
Though clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
To-morrow may be fair.

113. L. M.

God the Protector of Innocence. *Ps.* x.

1 WHAT eyes like thine, Eternal Sire!
Through sin's obscurest depths enquire?
What hand, like thine, on virtue's foes
The needful judgments can impose?

2 The meek observer of thy laws
To thee commits his injured cause:
In thee, each anxious fear resigned,
The fatherless a father find.

3 Thine is the throne; beneath thy reign,
Thou sovereign King! the tribes profane
Behold their dreams of conquest o'er,
And vanish, to be seen no more.

4 'T is thine the orphan's cheek to dry,
The guiltless sufferer's cause to try;
To rein each earth-born tyrant's will,
And bid the sons of pride be still.

114. C. M.

"God is our Refuge and Strength." *Ps.* xlvi.

1 On God supreme our hope depends,
Whose omnipresent sight
E'en to the pathless realms extends
Of uncreated night.

2 Plunged in th' abyss of deep distress,
To him we raised our cry;
His mercy bade our sorrows cease,
And filled our tongue with joy.

3 Though earth her ancient seat forsake,
By pangs convulsive torn,
Though her self-balanced fabric shake,
And ruined nature mourn;

4 Though hills be in the ocean lost,
With all their trembling load;
No fear shall e'er disturb the just,
Or shake his trust in God.

5 Nations remote and realms unknown,
In vain resist his sway;

For lo! Jehovah's voice is shown,
And earth shall melt away.

6 Let war's devouring surges rise,
And swell on every side,—
The Lord of hosts our safeguard is,
And Jacob's God our guide.

115. L. M.

Providence, the peculiar Guardian of the Church. *Ps.* **xlvi.**

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When fiercest storms their peace invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 Zion enjoys her sovereign's love,
Secure in every threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

116. L. M.

God, the Intellectual Light. 2 *Cor.* iv. 6.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above,
Th' unchanging Source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veiled,
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3 Let there be light! Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread:
Nature, arrayed in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heaven that vivid ray,
Which changes midnight into day.

5 Our souls, revived by heavenly light,
Shall be in all thine image bright;
While all our faculties shall join
To praise the Lord of light divine.

117. L. M.

The Divine Benignity in every Dispensation. *Ps.* ix. 10.

1 PRAISE to his grace, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known!

2 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abram, God of peace;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father, and God of Christ, his Son.

3 Through every age, his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.

4 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same?

5 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,—
For God will guard where God shall lead.

118. S. M.

Jesus Christ, the Light of the World.

1 BEHOLD the Prince of peace!
The chosen of the LORD,
GOD's well-beloved Son fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness:
Meekneess and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,

On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, the light of men!
His doctrine life imparts;
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts!

5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way:
The path, which Christ has marked and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

119. C. M.

The first and second Coming of Jesus. *Ps.* xcvi.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Ye tribes of every tongue!
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus came
A guilty world to save;
From vice and error to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 With pleasure lift your wondering eyes,
Ye islands of the sea!
Ye mountains! sink; ye valleys! rise;
Prepare the Saviour's way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations from their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 Again he comes with powerful voice
To wake the numerous dead,
And call his churches to rejoice
With their exalted Head.

7 When he, who is our life, draws near,
And all his glory view,
His faithful servants shall appear
With him in glory too.

120. C. M.

The Mission of Jesus Christ. *Luke* iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart a throne prepare,
And every voice a song!

2 On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its holy fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His sacred breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In wretched bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;

And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our songs of joy and gratitude
His welcome shall proclaim!
Hail to the Prince of peace, who comes
In God our Father's name!

121. H. M.

The Efficacy of the Gospel. *Isa.* lv. 10, 11.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain!
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more."

122. L. M.

Jesus Christ, the Sun of Righteousness. *Mal.* iv. 2.

1 To THEE, O GOD! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day!
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the Sun of righteousness,
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Enlightened by his heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
His inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

4 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When fixed on high, in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day!

123. L. M.

Jesus Christ, the Image of the Invisible God.

1 THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in thy Son.

2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays
When shining with reflected light,—

3 So in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.

4 Though Jews, who granted not his claim,
Contemptuous turned away their face;
Yet those who trusted in his name,
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.

5 O Thou! at whose almighty word,
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

6 While we thine image there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our head,
That we may bear thine image too.

124. S. M.

Light and Redemption by the Gospel.

1 My soul reveres the page
Where light and pardon shine;
And joys to tell the rising age,
What goodness, Lord! is thine.

2 That goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on my early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.

3 But joy far more refined
Awaited that blest day,
Whose sun arose upon my mind
To chase its gloom away.

4 How changed my mournful state,
When God revealed his name!
And showed me all the world calls great,
Is but a pleasing dream!

5 My God! to gospel light
My dawn of peace I owe;
Once wandering in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless woe.

6 With transport ever new,
I own thy grace, O LORD!
Eternity that grace shall shew,
Thy pardoning love record.

125. 61. L. M.

The Mission of Jesus Christ.

1 LIGHTS of your race in ancient times!
In every age, and different climes,
For wisdom famed among mankind,
Withdraw your thinly-scattered rays,
Before the broad o'erpowering blaze
Of the supreme, eternal Mind.

2 Mercy's great year, in heaven enrolled,
By seers succeeding seers foretold,
Was now with solemn pomp unsealed;
True Light of men, Messiah came,
In his almighty Father's name,
And immortality revealed.

3 Filled with his Father's strength, he taught,
The dumb in rapture speak their thought,
The lame leap like the bounding roe:
The rayless eyeballs drink the light,
Death yields his spoils to Jesus' might,
And demons shrink to shades below.

4 O works of power, O works of love,
Which Christ's divine commission prove,
And every rising doubt control!
Pledge of the power, and love more strong,
Which to the Son of God belong,
To heal the miseries of the soul!

126. S. M.

Jesus Christ, the Messenger of Pardon.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its best beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From an abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive offending man
To misery's gulf below.

4 But mercy filled the throne
Of Him who reigns on high,
When Christ revealed his gracious mind
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Then, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 With joy we hear the call,
We own the Saviour's name;
And praise the first, almighty Cause,
From which such blessings came.

127. S. M.

"By grace are ye saved." Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE—'t is a pleasing sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And fresh supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

128. 8 & 7s M.

Benignity of God in the Gospel.

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
He, whose hand upholds all nature,
He, whose word can all destroy;
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

2 Light of those, whose dreary dwelling
Bordered on the shades of death,
He, in Christ rich grace revealing,
Scattered all the clouds beneath.
Lo! th' eternal page before us
Bears the cov'nant of his love,
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.

3 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him, every thankful heart:
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our songs we raise;
There we 'll cast our crowns before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

129. L. M.

Christian Privileges and Obligations.

1 WHAT countless myriads draw their breath
In lands of ignorance and death,
While God allots my share of time,
Within his Gospel's favoured clime!

2 Shall I receive this grace in vain?
Shall I my great vocation stain?
Away, ye works in darkness wrought!
Away, each sensual, earthly thought!

3 My soul! I charge thee to excel
In thinking right and acting well;

Deep let thy searching powers engage,
Unbiassed, in the sacred page.

4 Heighten the force of good desire,
To deeds of shining worth aspire;
More firm in fortitude, despise
The world's seducing vanities.

5 Strong and more strong thy passions rule,
Advancing still in virtue's school;
Contending still, with noble strife,
To imitate thy Saviour's life.

130. H. M.

The Christian Church, a living Temple. 1 *Pet.* ii. 4, 5.

1 With ecstacy of joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who raised the spacious earth,
And formed the human frame;
He built the church,
Who built the sky,
Shout and exalt
His honours high.

2 See the foundation laid
By power and love divine;
In Christ, his first-born Son,
How bright his glories shine!
Low he descends,
In dust he lies,
That from his tomb,
A church may rise.

3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone;
Each saint new life derives
From him, the living Stone;
His influence spreads
Through every soul,
And in one house,
Unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move,
In him cemented stand,
The living temple grows,
And owns the Founder's hand:
That structure, LORD!
Still higher raise,
Louder to sound
Its Builder's praise.

5 Descend, and shed abroad
The tokens of thy grace;
And with more radiant beams
Let glory fill the place;
Our joyful souls
Shall prostrate fall,
And own our God
Is all in all.

131. 7s M.

The Invitations of the Gospel. *Mat.* xi. 28.

1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home,—
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye, who tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain:
Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes,
Watch to see the morning rise:

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt, in strong remorse, who mourn;
Here repose your heavy care:
Conscience wounded, who can bear?

5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

132. C. M.

The Highway to Zion. *Isa.* xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;

Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Along the blissful road,
Till on the sacred mount you see
The glory of your God.

5 There, garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While labouring up the hill.

133. 7s M.

Jesus risen, and Death vanquished.

1 ANGEL, roll the stone away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom! Hallelujah!

2 Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song;
Let the notes be sweet and strong;
Hail the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born!

3 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

4 Powers of heaven, celestial choirs,
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres!
Sons of men, in joyful strain,
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign!

5 Every note with wonder swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

134. L. M.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 He dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:

2 Here 's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,—
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints! and say
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he rose to endless day,
And led the tyrant death in chains:

4 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where 's thy sting?
And where 's thy victory, boasting grave?"

135. 7s M.

The Ascension and Exaltation of Jesus.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Now ascends the highest heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take th' exalted Jesus in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though exalted to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own:

4 And—though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,—
Still his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below.

5 Master,—would our spirits say,—
Taken from the world away,
Thy devoted servants see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

6 Upward let us constant move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
There we shall with him remain,
Partners of his endless reign.

136. L. M.

The Excellency and final Success of the Gospel. *Ps.* xix.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, LORD!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Father of lights! in glory rise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
That word, which makes the simple wise,
Whose laws are pure, whose judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Cleanse thou my sins, my soul renew,
And guide me by thy word to heaven.

137. L. M.

"Thy kingdom come." *Matt.* vi. 10.

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come with power and love,
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 The triumphs of thy truth display;
In every clime reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

3 Fountain of light! all-perfect Mind!
O let thine healing influence flow
Through all the tribes of human kind,
And new create thy world below.

4 Diffuse the blessings widely round,
Thy grace so richly scatters here,
Till earth shall, to its utmost bound,
Thy hand confess, adore, and fear.

138. 8 & 7s M.

Prosperity of the Church. *Isa.* xxxiii. 20, 21.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:

2 On the rock of ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose!
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

4 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,

Cheer and bless thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

5 Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
—Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

139. 8 & 7s M.

The Future Peace and Glory of the Church. *Isa.* **lx. 15—20.**

1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken:
Fair abodes I build for you:
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls, salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:

Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign,
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:

God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to-day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.

140. S. M.

Attraction of the Cross. *John* xii. 32.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Father's chief delight
Expire in agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died,
'T was love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 In sympathy of love
Let all the earth combine;
And drawn by cords so gentle, prove
The energy divine.

5 In him our hearts unite,
Nor share his grief alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

141. C. M.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

1 GREAT GOD of grace! arise, shine forth
With thy celestial light:
And shed its salutary beams
On sin and error's night.

2 No more may senseless idols share
The honours thou must claim;
But distant lands accept thy sway,
And bless Messiah's name.

3 No more may persecution's arm
Extend her iron rod;
And while it lights the martyr's pile,
Pretend a zeal for God.

4 With its own pure, reviving light,
Far may thy gospel shine:
And error fly like noxious mists,
Before this light divine.

5 While heaven-born truth her charms reveals,
May love each breast inspire;
Nor one base passion ever mix,
To dim this sacred fire.

142. L. M.

The Kingdom of Christ. *Ps.* lxxii.

1 To GOD let fervent prayers arise
With every daily sacrifice,
The great Messiah's reign to spread,
And with new honours crown his head.

2 Soon may he rule where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

3 As gentle rain on parching ground,
His gospel sheds its influence round;
Its grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And contrite hearts with peace are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
The sting of death is known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Great GOD! may realms of every tongue
Dwell on thy love with sweetest song;
And with united hearts proclaim,
That grace and truth by Jesus came.

143. L. M.

Example of the Saviour.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humanity and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
If then we love our Saviour's name,
Thus let us our relation prove.

144. C. M.

Example of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends,
A friend and servant found,

He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful sought his life,
He laboured for their good.

5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued;
While humble prayer and holy faith
His fainting strength renewed.

6 In the last hour of deep distress,
He sought his Father's throne,
Breathed out his soul, and meekly said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

7 No longer now the man of griefs,
Of life immortal, Lord;
He calls his brethren fellow-heirs,
Their glory—*his* reward.

8 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and triumph share.

145. C. M.

The Example of Jesus and his faithful Servants.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourners here below;
Their eyes were dimmed with tears;
And hard they strove, as we would now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 And ask we, whence their victory came?—
They with united breath
Ascribe their triumph to his name,
Who burst the bands of death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their triumphant Lord,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Then to our glorious Leader, praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

146. L. M.

Imitation of the Saviour.

1 FATHER of my exalted Lord!
I read my duty in his word;
But in his life, the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Faithful his mission to fulfil;
Resigned to all his Father's will!
His love and meekness, how divine!
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of his prayer;

The desert his temptations knew,
His conflicts and his victories too.

4 He is my pattern! may I bear
More of his gracious image here!
And find at last my humble name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

147. C. M.

The Excellence of the Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
More precious fruits than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 O may thy gospel ever be
Our study and delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light!

148. C. M.

Instruction and Consolation from the Scriptures. *Ps.* cxix.

1 LORD ! we have made thy word our choice,
Our lasting heritage :
There shall our noblest powers rejoice,
Our warmest thoughts engage.

2 We 'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises we rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied ;
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

4 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown :
Then blest is he who wisely tries
To make that pearl his own.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
Our guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may its counsels, mighty GOD !
Our roving feet command ;
Nor we forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

149. L. M.

Efficacy and Blessings of the Christian Scriptures.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
And sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

4 May this bless'd volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye;
To life's last hour my soul employ,
And fit me for the heavenly joy.

150. S. M.

The Glory and Efficacy of God's Word.

1 WHAT glory gilds thy word!
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it, still
Supplies its light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

3 And blest thy creature is,
When first with single eye
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high.

4 Through clouds that veil the skies,
And frowns on earthly things,
The sun of righteousness breaks forth
With healing in his wings.

5 Struck by that light, his heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends shoots of holiness abroad,
Where follies sprung before.

6 The soul so dreary once,
Once misery's dark domain,
Feels happiness unknown before,
And owns a heavenly reign.

151. S. M.

Meekness and Candour in investigating Divine Truth.

1 Imperfection shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye:
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

2 O may we still maintain
A meek, enquiring mind;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
On truth or man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guarded our creed,
From prejudice, our will.

5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

152. L. M.

Christian Instruction and Worship sanctified.

1 O HOW delightful is the road
That leads us to thy temple, Lord!
With joy we visit thine abode,
And seek the treasures of thy word.

2 O heavenly treasures! glorious light!
From ancient sages long concealed;
Till Christ restored the feeble sight,
And thine unchanging word revealed.

3 For thee, great God! our thoughts prepare
The sacrifice thy love demands;
A soul repentant and sincere,
A grateful heart, and liberal hands.

4 By those pure rules which Jesus taught,
Our course unerring may we steer;
So life shall with content be fraught,
And death itself be void of fear.

153. 6 *l.* L. M.

Spiritual Light and Knowledge implored. *Ps.* cxix.

1 WHILE through life's pilgrimage I stray,
O let thy light attend my way,
Thy precepts fixed before my view,
Let me with steadfast aim pursue,
Nor error's cloud, nor arts of sin,
My soul from truth and virtue win.

2 Thou Source of light to all below!
Teach me thy word aright to know,
That raised above the world, my mind
In thee its highest good may find,
And with celestial wisdom filled,
A pure, a full obedience yield.

3 Thus to my life's remotest day,
Teach me, O teach me, LORD! thy way;
Divert from vanity mine eye,
To me thy quickening strength supply;
And with thy promised succour, cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

154. C. M.

Value of the Knowledge of God. *Hos.* vi. 3.

1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source of light!
Make thy perfections known;
Fill my enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.

2 To know the Author of my frame
Is my sublimest skill:
True science is to learn his name,
True life, to do his will.

3 All wisdom else, compared with this,
Is little worth and vain;
Who wants it, never tastes of bliss,
Whate'er beside he gain.

4 For this let me unceasing pray,
This all my powers pursue;
Till visions of eternal day
Break on my raptured view.

155. L. M.

Faith in the Invisible God. *Heb.* xi. 27.

1 ETERNAL and Almighty King!
Thy peerless splendours none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory 's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regards, great GOD! to thee.

3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Awed by thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

4 O ever conscious to my heart!
Witness to its supreme desire:
Behold it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

5 This one petition would it urge—
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight!

156. L. M.

Imitation of God.

1 GREAT GOD! thy peerless excellence
Let all created natures own:
Deep on our minds impress the sense
Of glories which are thine alone.

2 Let these our admiration raise,
And fill us with religious awe:
Tune all our hearts and tongues to praise,
And bend us to thy holy law.

3 But where we may resemble thee,
And in thy godlike nature share,
Thine humble followers let us be,
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.

4 Pure may we be, averse from sin,
Just, holy, merciful, and true;
And let thine image, formed within,
Shine out in all we speak and do.

157. S. M.

God's Parental Character.

1 MY Father!—cheering name!
O may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

5 If anguish rend this frame,
And life almost depart;
Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

158. L. M.

Devout Aspirations.

1 O GOD! who, merciful as just,
Kindly remembrest man is dust;
Thine ear be open to our cries,
Thy grace to meet our lifted eyes.

2 Thou, who canst read the silent tear,
Listen to sighs from hearts sincere;

Regard the dawn of virtuous aim,
And fan the smoking flax to flame.

3 Set us from earthly bondage free,
Still every wish that strays from thee;
Bid, LORD, our vain disquiets cease,
And point our path to endless peace.

4 If in the vale of tears we stray,
Where wounding thorns perplex our way,
Still let our souls thy goodness see,
And with strong faith lay hold on thee.

5 With joy, my soul, thy lot receive,
Resigned alike to die or live;
Kissing the sceptre or the rod,
See God in all, and all in God.

6 With thee in solitudes I walk,
With thee in crowded cities talk,
In every creature own thy power,
In each event thy will adore.

7 Thy hopes shall animate my soul,
Thy precepts guide, thy fear control;
Within the temple of thine arms
I 'll rest secure from all alarms.

8 Thus when the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before mine eye,
From cares and gloomy terrors free,
I feel omnipotent in thee.

159. S. M.

Obedience to God, our Father.

1 My Father! I adore
That all-commanding name;
O may it virtue's strength restore,
And raise devotion's flame!

2 I bow at thy commands,
And filial homage pay;
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,
I 'll cheerfully obey.

3 No more will I trangress,
As I too oft have done;
But every sinful thought suppress,
Each sinful action shun.

4 My Father thus I 'll claim,
And prove myself his son;
And while I bear the filial name,
The filial duties own.

5 Do thou the strength impart,
This purpose to fulfil:
LORD, write thy laws upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.

160. L. P. M.

God seen in all.

1 My God! all nature owns thy sway;
Thou giv'st the night, and thou, the day:
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,

And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

2 Or when in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.

3 In every scene thy hands have dressed,
In every form by thee impressed,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread;
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,—
A voice is heard of praise and love.

4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain!
But oft as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wandering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
Those joys that from thy favour rise!

161. C. M.

The Divine Blessing needful to Success in Life. *Ps.* xc. 17.

1 SHINE on our souls, Eternal God!
With rays of mercy shine:
O let thy favour crown our days,
And their whole course be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain:
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 'T is ours the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain;
'T is thine to give the sun and air,
And to command the rain.

4 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

5 O cheer us through this toilsome road,
Till, where the weary rest,
Our souls a joyful entrance find,
With thee for ever blest.

162. C. M.

Living habitually in the Fear of God. *Prov.* xxiii. 17.

1 O BLEST are they, who born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Each day of life with God begin,
And spend it in his fear.

2 'Midst hourly cares, may we present
Our offerings to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought!
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We 'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

163. L. M.

The Fear of God.

1 GREAT Author of all nature's frame!
Holy and reverend is thy name;
Thou Lord of life, and Lord of death!
Worlds rise and vanish at thy breath.

2 But blest are they, O gracious LORD!
Who fear thy name and keep thy word;

Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends
Their life, till life its journey ends.

3 O that my soul with awful sense
Of thy transcendent excellence,
May close the day, the day begin,
Watchful against each darling sin!

4 Never, O never from my heart,
May this great principle depart,
But act with unabating power
Within me to my latest hour!

164. L. M.

Faith and Hope in the Divine Goodness.

1 LORD! while my thoughts with wonder trace
Thy favours past through all my days,
My thankful heart adores thy grace;
I trust that goodness which I praise.

2 Still from the same eternal spring
Thy various bounties ceaseless flow;
Beneath the shelter of thy wing,
I view serene the shades of woe.

3 I see no terrors in thy name,
But in my God, a father find:
The voice that shakes all nature's frame,
Speaks comfort to the pious mind.

4 E'en death's tremendous vale appears
No more in gloomy terrors drest:
Thy voice, O GOD! forbids my fears,
While on thy gracious hand I rest.

5 Through the dark scenes of mortal care,
To humble faith's enraptured eye,
The distant prospect opens fair
Of radiant mansions in the sky.

165. C. M.

The Ways of the Righteous known to God. *Ps.* xxvii. 18.

1 To THEE, O GOD! my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thee lie,
Nor are my wants forgot.

2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear:
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy will approve;
And every pang of sympathy;
And every care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die!
And, when all mortal bonds shall break,
May I still find thee nigh!

166. L. M.

Piety sanctifying the Relations and Pleasures of Life.

1 ENOUGH of life's vain scene I 've trod,
Sweet is this interval of rest:
With cheerful heart I meet my God,
His presence makes me truly blest.

2 Father and friend! those ties how dear,
How soothing to the human soul!
Which lighten pain and vanquish fear,
And all life's varied ills control.

3 Pleasant is life, and sweet the light
That pours from the bright orb of day,
Revealing to our raptured sight,
The world in all its rich display.

4 Pleasant is life, and sweet its ties,
The touching charities of man:
Friend, fellow, child, and parent rise,
Endearing life's progressive plan.

5 But light and life would soon be vile,
And all their dearest pleasures pall,
Nor sun would shine, nor life would smile
Without thy presence gladdening all.

167. C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,—
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,—
That mercy I adore!

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:—
That heart shall rest on thee!

168. C. M.

God, our Portion here and hereafter. *Ps.* lxxiii. 23—28.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near!
Thine arm of mercy holds me up,
And saves me from despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;

Thy hand conduct me near thy seat
To dwell before thy face.

3 No blessing equal to thy love,
I through creation see;
In earth beneath, in heaven above,
Whom have I, Lord, but thee?

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the vanities they love,
Can peace or hope supply.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God!
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

169. L. M.

God, the Desire and Happiness of his People. *Ps.* lxxiii. 25, 26.

1 MY GOD! whose all-pervading eye
Sees earth beneath and heaven above;
O say, if here, or there, thou seest
An equal object of my love.

2 Not the gay scenes where mortal men
Pursue their bliss and find their wo,
Detain my rising heart, which springs
The nobler joys of heaven to view.

3 Not all the fairest sons of light,
That lead the hosts around thy throne,
Can bound its flight: it presseth on
And seeks its rest in God alone.

4 Fixed near th' immortal source of bliss,
Dauntless, and joyous, it surveys
Each form of horror and distress,
That all its deadliest foes can raise.

5 This feeble flesh shall faint and die,
This heart renew its pulse no more;
E'en now it views the moment nigh,
When life's last movements all are o'er.

6 But come, thou vanquished King of dread!
With thy own hand thy power destroy;
'T is thine to bear me to my God,
My portion and eternal joy!

170. C. M.

Trust in God through all the Changes of Life.

1 FATHER divine! before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye.

2 From thee our vital breath we drew;
Our childhood was thy care;
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share.

3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows;

Oppressed with wo, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.

4 To thee we look, thou Power Supreme,
O still our wants supply!
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die.

171. S. M.

Seeking God. *Ps.* lxiii.

1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine:
And let my earnest cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 For life without thy love
No relish can afford:
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please thee, Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

172. C. M.

Trust in God in Prosperity and Adversity.

1 THE Lord! how tender is his love!
His justice, how august!
Hence all her fears my soul derives,
There anchors all her trust.

2 He showers the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste!
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.

3 Crowns, realms, and worlds, his wrath incensed,
Are dust beneath his tread:
He blights the fair, unplumes the proud,
And shakes the learned head.

4 He bids distress forget to groan,
The sick from anguish cease;
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.

5 Thy vengeance rides the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame:
Thy goodness breathes in every breeze,
And warms in every beam.

6 For me, O LORD! whatever lot
The hours commissioned bring;
Do all my withering blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring;

7 O! grant that still with grateful heart
My years resigned may run;
'T is thine to give or to resume,
And may thy will be done.

173. C. M.

Submission under afflictive Providences. *Job* i. 21.

1 PEACE,—'t is the Lord Jehovah's hand
Which blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'T is he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

4 The God, who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave,—
He gives, and,—blessed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

5 Peace then, our restless passions, peace,—
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

6 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
Nor will we call unjust, the hand
That strikes our comforts dead.

174. C. M.

Serenity and Trust implored. *Ps.* xci.

1 WHEN present sufferings pain our hearts,
Or future terrors rise,
And light and hope almost depart
From these dejected eyes:

2 Thy powerful word supports our hopes,
Rich cordial of the mind!
And bears our fainting spirits up,
And bids us wait resigned.

3 And oh! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy providence denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

4 Give us a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free:
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make us live to thee.

5 Let the blest hope that we are thine,
Our path of life attend;
Thy presence through our journey shine,
And crown our journey's end.

175. L. M.

Trust in God in all Circumstances.

1 FATHER! I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom,
Thy sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Is earth's pale wanderer doomed to know,
Yet not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ,
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

176. L. M.

"God is Love."

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, my Creator! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,

I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my GOD! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

177. C. M.

Submission to the Divine Disposal.

1 O LORD! my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
Short-sighted creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

5 But ah! my heart within me cries,—
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

178. C. M.

Acquiescence in the Will of God.

1 PARENT of good! we rest on thee;
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.

3 And since by passion's force subdued,
Too oft with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill:

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good, unasked, O Father! grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

179. C. M.

The aged Christian's Prayer. *Ps.* lxxi.

1 O THOU, my earliest, latest hope!
I live upon thy truth:
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 My frame was fashioned by thy power,
And shows thy skill divine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I 've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen,
In each revolving year:
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They 'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

180. C. M.

Old Age anticipated.

1 WHEN in the vale of lengthened years
My feeble feet shall tread,
And I survey the various scenes
Through which I have been led;

2 How many mercies will my life
Before my view unfold!
What countless dangers will be past,
What tales of sorrow told!

3 But yet, my soul! if thou canst say,
I 've seen my God in all;
In every blessing owned his hand,
In every loss his call;

4 If piety has marked my steps,
And love my actions formed,

And purity possessed my heart,
And truth my lips adorned:

5 If I 've grown old in serving him,
My Father and my God;
I need not fear the closing scene,
Nor dread th' appointed road.

6 This scene will all my labours end,
This road conduct on high;
With comfort I 'll review the past,
And triumph, though I die.

181. C. M.

Early Piety.

1 AUTHOR of life! with reason's dawn
Let me thy favour gain;
And when its light in shade declines,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In this soft season of my life,
'Mid nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb.

3 Thee let me in remembrance bear;
For thee each power employ;
And make that God from whom I came,
My early trust and joy.

4 Through all youth's slippery paths, be thou
My counsellor and friend,
Since if my years begin with thee,
With thee my years shall end.

5 Thou wilt not cast me off when dark
And evil days descend;
Nor leave me sinking in despair,
At life's approaching end.

6 I know the power on which I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my father ever be,
Who has my father been.

182. L. M.

The Vanity of Religious Services without true Virtue.

1 TH' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, LORD, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of the precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

3 Not he whose baseless hope relies
On modes which erring men devise;
Who merely calls the Saviour, Lord,
But heeds not to perform his word;

4 Not he shall tread the courts above,
The bright abodes of joy and love;
But he whose life at all times shows,
From knowledge that obedience flows.

183. C. M.

Justice and Equity.

1 COME, let us search our ways and try;
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity,
Our practice and delight?

2 What we would have our neighbours do,
Have we still done the same?
From others ne'er withheld the due,
Which we from others claim?

3 Have we ne'er envied others' good,
Ne'er envied others' praise?
In no man's path malignant stood,
Nor used detraction's ways?

4 Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turned from another's wo?
The scorn which wrings the sufferer's breast,
Have we abhorred to show?

5 Then may we raise our modest prayer
To God, the just and kind;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

6 Religion's path they never trod,
Who equity contemn:
Nor ever are they just to God,
Who prove unjust to men.

184. 7s M.

Love to God and Man.

1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 LORD, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store:
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted offering bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

185. C. M.

The Law of Love. *Luke* x. 30—37.

1 FAR from thy servants, God of grace,
Th' unfeeling heart remove,
And form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo!

3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 O be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought;
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot.

5 Be thou, my heart! dilated wide
With this kind, social grace;
And, in one grasp of fervent love,
All earth and heaven embrace.

186. C. M.

The Law of Sympathy.

1 ALL nature feels attractive power,
A strong embracing force;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.

2 Thus, in the universe of mind
Is felt the law of love;
The charity, both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.

3 In this fine sympathetic chain,
All creatures bear a part;
Their every pleasure, every pain
Linked to the feeling heart.

4 More perfect bond! the christian plan
Attaches soul to soul;
Our neighbour is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.

5 To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith in Christ professed
More clear reveals that God is love,
And whom he loves, is blest.

187. C. M.

Christian Love from the Example of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, where breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping followers gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave,
Became its author well.

3 Blest is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;

To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:

4 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's wo to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the power to heal.

5 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

6 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

7 To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

188. C. M.

Love, the most excellent Grace. 1 *Cor.* xiii.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our rebel sins will strive and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 Revenge and hate, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.

4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

5 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

189. L. M.

The Properties of Christian Charity. 1 *Cor.* xiii.

1 LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervor and their faith proclaim:
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.

2 Knowledge is prone to swell the mind,
And zeal to set the world on fire:
But charity is calm and kind,
And gentle thoughts will still inspire.

3 Patient and meek, she suffers long,
And slowly her resentments rise:
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
And rage retires and malice dies.

4 She envies none their better state,
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own:

Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,
But still a modest mien puts on.

5 This is the grace that reigns on high,
And brightly will for ever burn,
When hope shall in fruition die,
And faith to sight triumphant turn.

190. L. M.

Love to all Mankind.

1 O GOD, my Father, and my King,
Of all I have, or hope, the spring!
Send down thy spirit from above,
And fill my heart with heavenly love.

2 May I from every act abstain,
That gives another's bosom pain:
And bear a sympathizing part,
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.

3 And let my neighbour's prosperous state
A mutual joy in me create;
His virtuous triumph let me join;
His peace and happiness be mine.

4 And though my neighbour's hate I prove,
Still let me vanquish hate with love;
And every secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.

5 Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine!
Thus let me his disciple prove,
Who came to manifest thy love.

191. C. M.

The Disposition to dispense God's gifts, implored.

1 GREAT GOD of grace! accept my prayer:
If e'er thy love divine
Should prosper my well-meaning care,
And affluence be mine:

2 May humble worth, without a fear,
Ask from my stores, supply;
My heart to sorrow's tale give ear,
And own the orphan's cry.

3 O bless me with an honest mind,
Which spurns each selfish end:
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And faithful to my friend.

4 With conscious truth and honour still,
My actions may I guide;
And know no fear, but fear of ill,
Nor scorn, but scorn of pride.

5 Thee in remembrance may I bear,
To thee my tribute raise;
Conclude each day with fervent prayer,
And wake each morn with praise.

6 Thus through my life may I approve
The gratitude I owe;
And share at length the bliss above,
I would dispense below.

192. C. M.

The virtuous Love of Country.

1 PARENT of all! Omnipotent
In heaven and earth below!
Through all creation's vast extent,
Whose streams of goodness flow;

2 Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what designed;
Nor private aims may I propose,
Since linked with human kind.

3 But chief to hear my country's voice,
May my best thoughts incline;
'T is reason's law, and virtue's choice,
'T is nature's call, and thine.

4 My heart from freedom's sacred cause
May nothing e'er divide;
Nor pomp, nor wealth, nor vain applause,
Nor friendship false, misguide.

5 To honour and to virtue true,
In all my country's weal,
As I my public walk pursue,
May God his favour deal!

193. L. M.

Christian Zeal tempered by Charity.

1 MY GOD! whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion in my soul;
When sunk too low, or raised too high,
Teach me those passions to control.

2 Temper the fervors of my frame;
Be charity their constant spring;
And O, let no unhallowed flame
Pollute the offerings I bring.

3 Let peace with piety unite
To mend the bias of my will,
While hope and heaven-eyed faith excite,
And wisdom regulates my zeal;

4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,
Wisdom descending from above:
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

194. S. M.

Christian Unity.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Envy and strife, be gone,
And only kindness known,
Where all one common Father have,
One common Master own.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

195. L. M.

Intolerance absurd and criminal.

1 ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With earthly bonds, the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering by destructive flame.

2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

3 Our Master's gentle law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve:
Mild as himself, his doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.

4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It draws the willing mind along;
And triumphs to his church acquires,
By eloquence which heaven inspires.

196. L. M.

Candour.

1 ALL-SEEING GOD! 't is thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who among men, great LORD of all!
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of wo?

3 Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

5 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in thy mould;
And charity our lineage prove
Derived from thee, O God of love.

197. 6 *l.* C. M.

Contentment.

1 O LET us, with a grateful mind,
Take what our Father, ever-kind,
So liberally bestows!
Yet if our earthly store be small,
In thankfulness improve it all
To him from whom it flows.

2 To be resigned, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
This, gracious God! is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

3 Thus through life's changing scenes we 'll go,
Its chequered paths of joy and wo,
With cautious steps we 'll tread;

Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

4 While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

198. L. M.

Patience. *James* i. 4.

1 PATIENCE, O 't is a grace divine,
Sent from the God of peace and love,
That leans upon its Father's arm,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience, we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till, life's tumultuous voyage o'er,
We reach the shores of endless rest.

4 Faith into vision shall resign,
Hope shall in full fruition die,
And patience in possession end,
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

199. S. M.

Worldly Anxiety reproved. *Matt.* vi. 34.

1 WHY do I thus perplex
My life, a breath of air,
With fears of distant ills, and vex
My heart with fruitless care?

2 Can thought and toil increase
My days' appointed sum?
Why waste I then my time, my peace,
To hoard for days to come?

3 Will he whose bounty gave
My life, its food deny?
Who formed my nature prone to crave,
Its cravings not supply?

4 They neither sow nor toil,
The tribes that wing the air,—
Yet live on his paternal smile,
Whose bounty all things share.

5 Then let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow stay:
The trouble which to-day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.

6 To him, these low desires,
This sordid gain I leave,
Who to no higher good aspires,
Than what this world can give.

7 To nobler work applied,
My soul shall upward climb;
And trust my Father to provide
The needful things of time.

200. L. M.

Steadfastness and Watchfulness implored.

1 O THOU! my Father and my Friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend,—
To thee I breathe my humble prayer.

2 Endue me with a holy fear,
The secrets of my heart reveal;
Sin and its snares are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

3 O that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire!

4 O that my watchful soul may fly
The first-perceived approach of sin;
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within!

5 Search, gracious GOD! my inmost heart;
From guilt and error set me free;
Thy light and truth and peace impart,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

201. L. M.

Inward Purity and Serenity.

1 O GOD! to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; cleanse all within
From the polluting power of sin.

3 While through this darksome wild I stray,
My strength proportion to my day;
Let joys and sorrows gently flow,
Nor rise too high nor sink too low,

4 My restless passions, LORD! restrain,
And in my soul unrivalled reign;
Then with whatever loads oppressed,
Centred in thee my soul shall rest.

5 O when shall my still-wavering mind
This sweetest self-possession find!
Fountain of joy! I long to see
In thee my peace, my heaven in thee.

202. L. M.

Meekness.

1 Lo! what confusion rends the mind,
When by its own fierce tempests tost;
When reason is to rage resigned,
And in the whirl of passion lost!

2 Happy the meek! whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

3 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
Secure beneath th' Almighty wing,
And, foe to none, of none afraid.

4 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild!
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

203. S. M.

"Blessed are the meek." *Matt.* v. 5.

1 "BLEST are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell;
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy,
Beyond what tongue can tell.

3 The God of peace is theirs;
They own his gracious sway;
And yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

4 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.

5 O gracious Father! grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

6 Thus Christ our Lord to own,
Thus thee in truth obey,
Ensures us peace and joy on earth,
And leads to endless day.

204. L. M.

Personal Virtues.

1 AWAKE, my soul, shake off the dream,
And know thy real excellence;
Too long I 've yielded to the stream,
Borne down by appetite and sense.

2 Awake, my thought, rouse every power,
Thy native dignity display:
Let lust and passion reign no more,
No longer own their lawless sway.

3 Thy temper meek and humble be,
Content and pleased with every state;
From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.

4 Confine thy roving appetites;
From this vain world withdraw thine eyes;
And raise them to those pure delights,
Which none can taste below the skies.

5 On wings of faith to heaven ascend,
By hope anticipate the feast;
With all thy might still upward tend,
And leave to sensual minds the rest.

205. L. M.

Humility.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way,
How vain of wisdom's gift, the boast!
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray!

4 Follies and sins, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

5 God of my life! Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

206. L. M.

Communing with our Hearts. *Ps.* iv. 4.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retired and silent, seek them there;
This is the way to overcome,
The way to break temptation's snare.

3 And thou, my GOD! whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

5 Then, with the visits of thy love
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

207. C. M.

Religious Retirement.

1 FAR from the world, O LORD! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes, where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
Does she commune with God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

208. L. M.

Retirement and Meditation.

1 MY GOD! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
Thy gracious word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God I find.

209. L. M.

A Conversation becoming the Gospel. *Titus* **ii. 10—13.**

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 What though we drink of sorrow's cup?—
Religion bears our spirits up,
Hope waits the coming of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

210. C. M.

Unfruitfulness under Gospel Privileges.

1 O GOD! thy gracious aid impart
To bend our wills to thine;
Melt our whole souls, and let them flow,
And take the mould divine.

2 The gracious truths which Jesus brought,
Our ears have often heard;
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 O deep impress that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives:
And let it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives.

5 Not with a transient glance surveyed,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscribed on every heart,
To reign o'er every thought.

6 Teach our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys above;
Devotion then shall fire the breast,
And the whole soul be love.

211. L. M.

Personal and prevailing Sins, lamented and deprecated. *Ps.* cxli.

1 My God! what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy will;
My ears are pained when lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 O let my soul indignant hate
The arts of malice and deceit;
And far from their communion flee,
Who dare revile thy laws and thee.

3 Let pious friendship, when I stray,
Mark and reprove my wandering way!
Its gentle words from hearts as kind,
Shall comfort while they heal the mind.

4 Thou, who discernest all my heart,
And all my life in every part,

Unseal my partial eyes to see
What guilt in either there may be.

5 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And guide me in thy perfect way!

212. 7s M.

Freedom from Error, Guilt, and Folly. *Ps.* xix. 15.

1 BLEST Instructer! from thy ways,
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Save from error's growth our mind,
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.

2 Purge us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our heart's disguise;
Let us thence, by thee renewed,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.

3 So our lot shall ne'er be joined
With the men, whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.

4 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee:
To thine all-observing eyes
Let our thoughts accepted rise.

5 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Instructer! bow thine ear:
God, our strength! propitious, hear.

213. 7s M.

A Penitential Hymn.

1 GOD of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
Listen to thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom all grace belongs.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent—

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain—

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs!

214. L. M.

Supplication to the Searcher of Hearts.

1 SEARCHER of hearts! my thoughts review;
With kind severity pursue
Through each disguise thy servant's mind,
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.

2 What is my state? my soul, awake,
Severest scrutiny to make;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine,
In thought, and word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts! O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal:
My fears removed, let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear.

5 Scatter the clouds that o'er my head
Their dubious gloom and terror spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.

215. C. M.

Inconstancy in the Christian Life lamented. *Hos.* vi. 4.

1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace!
We hail thy sacred name;
Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, unworthy as we are,
Its wondrous mercy pours;
Sure as the heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew;
Which pass away as morning clouds,
And as the early dew.

4 Low at thy feet our guilt we mourn,
And ask thy constant grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall constant prove,
And with increasing transport, press
On to thy courts above.

6 So, by thy power, the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

216. L. M.

Contrite Supplication. *Ps.* li.

1 PITY, dread Sovereign! and forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the contrite trust in thee?

2 My sins, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great GOD! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every stain,
Nor let the guilt I mourn, remain:
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 With shame my numerous sins I trace
Against thy law, against thy grace;
And though my prayer thou shouldst not hear,
My doom is just, and thou art clear.

5 Yet save a penitent, O LORD!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some kind promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

217. S. M.

Absence from God.

1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tear
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See low before thy throne
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said,—Return?

3 Absent from thee, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

4 On this benighted heart
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

5 Thy presence can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy!

218. C. M.

Hope in the Divine Mercy.

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,—
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

3 When thou, O LORD! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,—
O how shall I appear!

4 Then let thy pardoning love arise
On my benighted soul!
Subdue my passions, touch my heart,
And all my fears control.

5 And may I taste thy richer grace
In that decisive hour,
When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

219. 6 *l.* L. M.

Prayer of the dejected Penitent. *Ps.* CXXX.

1 FROM depths of sadness and distress,
From gloomy mazes of despair,
Thy throne of mercy we address;
Deign, O our GOD! to hear our prayer:
O let thine ear indulge our grief,
For thine indulgence is relief!

2 Shouldst thou, O GOD! minutely scan
Our faults, and as severely chide;
No mortal seed of sinful man
Could such a scrutiny abide;
But mercy shines in all thy ways,
Bright theme of universal praise!

3 With longing eyes we seek the Lord,
Before his throne our souls attend:
Firmly on his eternal word
Our faith is fixed, our hopes depend:
On wings of love our souls shall rise
In contemplation to the skies.

4 Ye contrite minds! on God rely;
In season he will grace impart,
Will send redemption from on high,
And soothe the penitential heart:
For mercy shines in all his ways,
Bright theme of universal praise!

220. S. M.

Peace to the returning Penitent.

1 FATHER!—how sweet thy voice,
That speaks of life and peace;
That bids the penitent revive,
And all his anguish cease.

2 No balm on earth beside
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss,
Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
That mercy, LORD! reveal:

The broken heart 't is thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit, heal.

4 Thy presence can restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
And aid me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

5 Let me with wilful mind
No more thy laws offend:
Then shall I know nor guilt nor fear,
If thou be still my friend.

221. C. M.

Mercy to the Penitent.

1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul!

2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
Or supplicate, in vain?

3 Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive:
Thy gentlest, best-loved attribute,
To pity and forgive.

5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, LORD,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

222. C. M.

Encouraging Assurance of the Divine Presence. *Isa.* xli. 10.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious LORD!
To dissipate our fear!
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?

2 Doth thy right hand, which formed the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

3 And wilt thou lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Through pastures ever green?

4 On thy support our souls shall lean,
And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death will smile,
If God be with us there.

5 While we his gracious succour prove,
'Midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades through which we pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

223. C. M.

The Influence of Habitual Piety.

1 BLEST is the man, who fears the Lord!
His well-established mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea,
The heavenly footsteps lie;
But on a glorious world beyond,
His faith can fix its eye.

3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.

4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes;
And fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

5 No dangers can his soul alarm,
No gloomy views affright;
For faith assures his humble heart,
Whatever is, is right.

224. L. M.

A good Conscience the best Support.

1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys which hurt the soul;
Be mine that silent, calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last;—

2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends betray their trust.

3 With this companion, in the shade
My soul no more shall be dismayed;
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

4 Though heaven afflict, shall I repine?
The noblest comforts still are mine;
Comforts which over death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

5 Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils:
And shall I murmur at my God,
When love supreme directs the rod?

6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

225. C. M.

God, the Christian's Refuge.

1 WHEN storms hang o'er the Christian's head,
He seeks his covenant-God,
And under his refreshing shade
Finds a secure abode.

2 When foes and fears of every name
Assail his inward peace,
Those foes his God will put to shame,
And cause those fears to cease.

3 But when tremendous terrors seize,
Where will the sinner fly?
He feels a thousand agonies,
And no deliverer nigh!

4 Flee then, my soul, the tents of sin;
How false her joys appear!
Noise and confusion dwell within,
Peace is a stranger there.

5 The men who keep the laws of God,
His choicest blessings share;
Or if he lifts his chastening rod,
'T is with a Father's care.

6 His mighty power shall guard the just,
His wisdom point their way;
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust,
His hand revive their clay.

226. C. M.

The inward Life of the Christian. *Col.* iii. 3.

1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time;
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his honours here;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his life, appear.

227. L. M.

The Safety and Happiness of the true Christian.

1 LORD! how secure and blest is he,
Who feels the joys of pardoned sin!
Let tempests shake the earth and sea,
His mind hath peace and heaven within.

2 What honour and what bliss unite
The precious name he wears, to raise!
Fair is the scene and clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days.

3 With joy he reads forgiveness sealed,
From God derives renewing strength,
And tastes his boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.

4 The thoughts of home his spirit cheer,
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor future trials waken fear,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 Nearest the throne and first in song,
Such shall the grateful tribute raise,
While angel-hosts around them throng,
And swell the chorus of their praise.

228. C. M.

The Way of the Righteous and the Wicked. *Ps.* i.

1 BLEST is the man, who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread in folly's ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in thy perfect statutes, LORD!
Has placed his chief delight;
By day devoutly reads thy word,
And meditates by night.

3 He, like a tree of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storm and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf and ever fair
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form;
Their hopes are swept away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 How shall they bear at last to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at thy right hand
In full assembly meet?

229. C. M.

The Way and the End of the Righteous and the Wicked.
Ps. xxxvii.

1 My God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He 'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He keeps them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God;

Like princely laurel, fair and green,
Spreading its arms abroad :

5 And lo ! he vanished from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen ;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

6 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend ;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

230. L. M.

Virtue the Source of Peace. *Ps.* i.

1 O BLEST is he, divinely blest,
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ !
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,
And conscience whispers peace and joy.

2 Pure rectitude's unerring way
His heaven-conducted steps pursue ;
While crowds in guilt and error stray,
Unstained his soul, and bright his view.

3 By God's almighty arm sustained,
Thus virtue soon or late shall rise ;
Enjoy her conquest nobly gained,
And share the triumph of the skies.

4 But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,
Who sin's alluring call obey,
Far other doom at last shall find,
By the strong whirlwind swept away.

231. C. M.

God's Chastisements not Vindictive.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame!
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can reinstate my peace!
And he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 How oft when black misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill at thy rebuke,
Hath changed to real good.

4 This truth oft shown, shall teach me well
To feel for others' wo;
And humbly seek with deep concern
My own defects to know.

5 Mercy directs the painful stroke,
That would our bosoms free
From earthly care and sensual joy,
And turn our thoughts to thee.

6 That mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face;
And mingles with the whirlwind's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.

232. L. M.

The Divine Benignity.

1 How well our great Protector knows
To weigh and to relieve our woes!
And on his arm who place their trust,
Shall find that confidence was just.

2 How prompt his favour to dispense
Its life-imparting influence!
How speedy his paternal love
Our deep afflictions to remove!

3 Grief for a night, obtrusive guest!
Beneath our roof perchance may rest;
But joy, with the returning day,
Shall wipe each transient tear away.

4 Since thou wilt hearken to my prayer,
Again the face of joy I wear:
Thy strength my fainting spirit cheers,
And checks my griefs, and calms my fears.

5 With what delight, great GOD, I trace
The acts of thy stupendous grace!
To count them, were to count the sand
That lies upon the sea-beat strand.

233. C. M.

"He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds."
Ps. cxlvii. 3.

1 WHEN reft of all, and hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
What power shall save us from despair,
What, dissipate the gloom?

2 No balm that earthly plants distil,
Can soothe the mourner's smart,
No mortal hand with lenient skill,
Bind up the broken heart.

3 But One alone who reigns above,
Our wo to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of life and love,
That long has ceased to burn.

4 Then, O my soul! to that One flee,
To God thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His power alone can heal.

234. C. M.

The Comforts of Religion.

1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade:

2 Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every storm shall cease to rage,
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered, darksome way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path, her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When feeble reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid:

5 O let my heart confess thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.

235. C. M.

Consolatory Views of Nature and Providence.

1 THE God of heaven is kind and just :—
O let not man complain,
His righteous providence distrust,
His high decrees arraign.

2 Though clouds should darken all the scene,
Be this thy steadfast aim,
Still to preserve a mind serene,
And free from guilt and shame.

3 The lowliest flowers that deck the field,
Thy mute instructers are ;
And wholesome admonition yield
Against corroding care.

4 O listen to kind nature's voice :
To heaven direct thine eyes ;
There nobler objects claim thy choice,
And brighter propects rise.

5 Far from anxiety and care,
Still seek that blissful shore,
Where discontent and dark despair
Shall rend thy heart no more.

236. C. M.

God the Source of Consolation and Health.

1 To calm the sorrows of the mind,
Thou, gracious Friend! art nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.

2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret wo control;
The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.

3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh,
Canst soothe each mortal care;
And every deep and heart-felt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.

4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still;
Thy potent arm can save
From threatening danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.

5 When, pale and languid all the frame,
The ruthless hand of pain
Arrests the feeble powers of life,
The help of man is vain.

6 'T is thou, great GOD! alone canst check
The progress of disease;
And sickness, awed by power divine,
The high command obeys.

7 Eternal Source of life and health,
And every bliss we feel!
In sorrow and in joy, to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

237. 61. L. M.

The Memory and Prospects of the Good, blessed. *Ps.* cxii.

1 BLEST is that man, who stands in awe
Of God, and fears his sacred law;
He gains on earth a fair renown:
While sinners with their hopes decay,
He shall enjoy an endless day,
A heavenly, an immortal crown.

2 His hands, while they his alms bestow,
His glory's future harvest sow;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

3 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground,
His conscience bears his courage up;
The soul that 's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

238. C. M.

The Everlasting Covenant. 2 *Sam.* xxiii. 5.

1 MY GOD! the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace, we feel
Our happiness secure.

2 What though our house be not with thee,
As nature could desire;—
To higher joys than nature gives,
Our nobler views aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
Our Father art become,
Jesus our guardian and our friend,
And heaven our final home;—

4 We welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when thy providence is dark,
We wait the light above.

5 What though our mortal comforts fade,
And droop like withering flowers?
Nor time, nor death shall break that band,
Which makes Jehovah ours.

239. C. M.

Encouragement from the Experience of God's Goodness.
Ps. xxxiv.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

3 O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

240. L. M.

Confidence of Good Men in the Divine Faithfulness.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God, whose sovereign will
All nature's laws and powers fulfil.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
Where faith contemplates his decrees,
And every gracious promise sees.

3 There may the humble, pious mind,
Support in all its troubles find;
And on that mighty God may stay,
Whose power the earth and heavens display.

4 Whence then arise distressing fears?
Why do we still indulge our tears?
Or why without those comforts live,
Our God and Father waits to give?

5 O for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith;
'T embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

6 Should earth then to its centre shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steadfast souls should fear no more
Than ocean's base when tempests roar.

241. C. M.

God, the Refuge of the troubled Mind.

1 My God! the visits of thy face
Afford superior joy
To all that charms this thoughtless race,
Or can their hopes employ.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy promises bring sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But when distressing doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God! where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would rise to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
Or can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
There shall my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy seat.

242. L. M.

Christian Patience, Consolation, and Hope.

1 AND is there, then, no lenient art
To heal the anguish of the heart?
To ease the heavy load of care,
Which nature must, but cannot bear?

2 Can reason's dictates be obeyed?
Too weak, alas! her strongest aid;
O let religion then be nigh,—
Her consolations cannot die.

3 Her powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind control;
While she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

4 Then, gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky:

5 The promise guides her ardent flight,
And joys, unknown to sense, invite
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.

243. 61. C. M.

The unrivalled Beauty and Glory of Religion.

1 SOFT are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale:
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladden every vale.

2 But softer in the mourner's ear,
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiven;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptured soul she tells
Of peace and promised heaven.

3 Fair are the flowers that deck the ground;
And groves and gardens blooming round,
Unnumbered charms unfold:
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
That robe the clouds in gold.

4 But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness drest,
Where heaven's own graces shine;
And brighter far the prospects rise,
That burst on faith's delighted eyes
From glories all divine.

244. C. M.

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;

That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

245. C. M.

Aspiration after a livelier Faith.

1 AH! why should this mistaken mind
Still rove with restless pain?
Delight on earth expect to find,
Yet still expect in vain?

2 Faith, rising upwards, points her view
To regions in the skies;
There lovelier scenes than Eden knew,
In bright perspective rise.

3 O! if this heaven-born grace were mine,
Would not my spirit soar,
Transported gaze on joys divine,
And cleave to earth no more!

4 Thou Power, from whose almighty breath
It first began to rise,
Purge off these mists, these dregs of earth,
And bid it reach the skies.

5 Let this weak, erring mind no more
On earth bewildered rove;
But with celestial ardor soar
To endless joys above.

246. C. M.

Aspirations after perfect Obedience. *Ps.* cxix.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Since I 'm a stranger here below,
My path let nothing hide;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my soul sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, LORD!
But keep my conscience clear.

4 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and passion's hateful bands,
And set my feet at large!

5 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name,
Whatever loss or scorn I bear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

6 Aid me to walk in thy commands
Through life's uncertain road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

247. L. M.

Exemplary Virtue.

1 AH ! worldly souls, who strive in vain,
To folly slaves and slaves to sin !
May I a nobler toil sustain,
And nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve thee, LORD !
Nor from thy precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be that service all my joy !
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to thy supreme control,
And in thy kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave thy sacred ways ;
Great GOD ! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

248. L. M.

The Day of Probation and Hope. *Eccles.* ix.

1 LIFE is the time to serve thee, LORD !
The time t' insure thy great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
To thee the sinner may return.

2 Life is the season thou hast given,
To fit us for the joys of heaven;
Fast fleets that hour of grace away,
And who its rapid course can stay?

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead unconscious lie;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
Oblivion, darkness, and despair,
Still reign in gloomy silence there.

5 Then the great work we have to do,
Let us with all our might pursue:
And wisely every hour employ,
Till faith and hope are lost in joy.

249. L. M.

Heavenly Guidance implored.

1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat:

2 Shed down, O LORD! a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way,
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3 Each noble principle impart;
The faith which sanctifies the heart,
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires,
And love, that warms with holiest fires.

4 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

5 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside;
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

250. C. M.

Heavenly Wisdom implored through the Perils of Life.

1 FATHER of light! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide,
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.

3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart;

5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

251. C. M.

Human Frailty.

1 WEAK and irresolute is man:
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

2 Some foe to his upright intent,
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

3 Bound on a voyage of awful length
Through dangers little known;
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

252. L. M.

Perseverance in the Christian Life. *Matt.* vii. 13, 14.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
While wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would win this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And treads the path of life no more,
Forgets what joys await thy saints,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Let not my hopes, like such, be vain;
But striving with thy faithful few,
May I that pledge of glory gain,
Which false pretenders never knew.

253. L. M.

Religion, the One Thing needful. *Luke* x. 42.

1 WHY do we waste in trifling cares,
The lives divine compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Our Father calls us from above,
Our Saviour pleads his dying love,
Awakened conscience gives us pain;
Shall all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so our dying eyes will view
The objects which we now pursue;
Not so eternity appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

4 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must we to God's tribunal pass.

5 Then wake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose in this each meaner care;
With steady step that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

6 Almighty Power! thine aid impart
To fix conviction on the heart:
Thy light can clear the blindest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

254. L. M.

The Better Part preferred. *Luke* x. 42.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand:
Father divine! diffuse thy light
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage our roving, treacherous heart,
To chose the wise, the better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

3 Then let the fiercest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasure with us bear.

4 If thou, our Father! still be nigh,
Cheerful we live and joyful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find a thousand worlds in thee.

255. C. M.

Christian Watchfulness.

1 AWAKE, my torpid soul! awake,
And view the threatening scene:
Legions of foes encamp around,
And treachery lurks within.

2 'T is not this mortal life alone
These enemies assail;
How canst thou hope for future bliss,
If their attempts prevail?

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its grandeur stands revealed
To my admiring eyes.

4 Then to the work of God awake—
Behold thy Master near—
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigour, and with fear.

5 The awful register goes on,
Th' account will surely come,
And opening day, or closing night
May bear me to my doom.

6 Tremendous thought! how deep it strikes!
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
From these deluded eyes.

256. L. M.

Christian Fortitude and Decision.

1 FATHER of lights! my footsteps guide
Along the dangerous path I tread;
Ne'er suffer me to turn aside,
By error or by sin misled.

2 While the mad world around me spend
Their days in folly or in crime;
O that my feet may always tend
To wise redemption of my time!

3 With truth illuminate my mind,
Inspire with fortitude my heart:
Ne'er let me wander with the blind,
Nor waver in the Christian's part.

4 Fashion and crowds conspire in vain
To shake the firmness of my soul—
All their allurements I disdain,
Thou only shalt my choice control.

257. C. M.

Trust in God under the Trials of Virtue.

1 WHEN from the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene surveyed;
I viewed its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

2 But chief, my fear the dangers moved,
That virtue's path enclose;
My heart the wise pursuit approved,
But oh! what toils oppose!

3 For see, while yet her unknown ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

4 O how shall I, with heart prepared,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How, from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienced feet?

5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
My Maker's will has placed me here,
A Maker wise and good.

6 He to my every trial knows
Its just restraints to give;
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

7 Though griefs unnumbered throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the rolling tide.

258. L. M.

The spiritual Warfare. *Eph.* vi. 11—17.

1 ARISE, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain, Christ, has gone.

2 Sin and the world resist thy course:
But these, my soul! are vanquished foes;
For Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sang the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a victor's crown,
And triumph in th' Almighty's grace!
There all the just, in chorus joined,
Unite to celebrate his praise.

259. L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host,—
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale terrific bands;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all; guard every part;
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thy immortal shield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should his faithful followers fear?

260. C. M.

The Pilgrimage of Life.

1 Our country is Immanuel's ground,
We seek that promised soil:
The songs of Sion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin, our fears.

3 The flowers that spring along the road,
We scarcely stoop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod:
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierced before.

5 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

261. C. M.

The Prayer of Jacob. *Gen.* xxviii. 20—22.

1 O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our humble vows we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Be thou our guard and guide;
Each day's returning wants supply,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering shield around,
Till these our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
We rest at last in peace:

5 Now in the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore;
Then, with the grateful song of praise,
That mercy we 'll adore.

262. C. M.

Imploring the Divine Protection. *Prov.* iii. 5, 6.

1 Lord! through the dubious path of life
Thy feeble servant guide!
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 Let others, swelled with with empty pride,
Of wisdom make their boast!
My wisdom and my strength must come
From thee, the Lord of hosts.

3 To thee, O my unerring Guide!
I would myself resign;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will to thine.

4 In safety may thy creature rest
On thy sustaining arm;
Extended still, and strong to save
In danger and alarm.

5 O let thy gracious presence chase
Each anxious fear away:
Amid the ruins of the world,
My guardian and my stay!

263. L. M.

God the Leader of his People.

1 O GOD of our forefathers! hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known,
While we with confidence draw near,
And place our trust on thee alone.

2 Arise, as in the ancient days,
(The ancient annals speak thy fame,)
Be now omnipotently nigh,
To endless ages still the same.

3 From Egypt, when thy chosen race
Triumphant urged their wondrous way,
Divinely led, behold they pass
Th' unwatery deep, the emptied sea:

4 At distance heaped on either hand,
Yielding a strange, unbeaten road,
In crystal walls the waters stand,
And own the arm of Israel's God.

5 That arm which is not shortened now,
Which wants not now the power to save,
Shall, present with thy people still,
Bear them o'er life's tumultuous wave.

6 By earth and hell pursued in vain,
To thee thy chosen seed shall come,
Shouting, their heavenly Canaan gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

264. C. M.

Zeal and Vigour in the Christian Race. *Phil.* iii. 12—14.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 My soul, with sacred ardour fired,
The glorious prize pursue;
And cheerful hear thy Master's call,
To bid this earth adieu.

265. C. M.

The Vanity of worldly Desires and Pursuits.

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below;
The good which men most fondly prize,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 Pleasure's delusive form we chase,
Or dig for shining ore;
At honour's gaudy shrine we bow,
Or grasp at boundless power.

3 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections tend,
Nor can we call them thence.

4 Yet what around this spacious earth,
Can fill the soul's desire?
To boundless joy, substantial wealth,
My nobler thoughts aspire.

5 Where pleasure rolls its living stream,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
To cheer th' enraptured mind:

6 Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete.

266. 7s M.

Complete Happiness not designed for Man on Earth.

1 PROVIDENCE, profusely kind,
Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,
Bids you with a grateful mind,
View a thousand blessings rise.

2 But perhaps some friendly voice
Softly whispers to your mind—
Make not these alone your choice,
Heaven has blessings more refined.

3 Thankful own what you enjoy;
But a changing world like this,
Where a thousand fears annoy,
Cannot give you perfect bliss.

4 Perfect bliss resides above,
Far above yon azure sky;
Bliss that merits all your love,
Merits every anxious sigh.

5 What like this has earth to give?
O ye righteous! in your breast
Let the admonition live,
Nor on earth desire to rest.

6 When your bosom breathes a sigh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

267. C. M.

God, the supreme Good. *Ps.* iv. 6. 7.

1 When fancy spreads her boldest wing,
And wanders unconfined
Amid th' unbounded scene of things,
Which entertain the mind:

2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean to make us blest.

3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flattering, specious wile;
For what can yield a real joy,
But our Creator's smile.

4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

5 Great spring of all felicity,
To whom our wishes tend!
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end?

268. L. M.

"Thou art our dwelling-place in all generations." *Ps.* xc. 1.

1 Thou, who through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
Wilt, through each coming age, O God!
Still be their safe, serene abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,
And were with thy protection blest;
Lo, we are risen, a transient race,
Awhile to fill their vacant place.

3 While travelling through life's varied road,
We lean upon our fathers' God;
On thee our steadfast hopes recline,
Nor own, nor ask, a help but thine.

4 Through all the thorny paths we trace,
In this uncertain wilderness,
Where friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

5 Thus voices yet unformed shall raise
A grateful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn their fathers' song,
And theirs, the cheerful notes prolong.

6 Thou Parent of the human race,
Thou Fountain of exhaustless grace!
Thy mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

269. L. M.

Mutability of the Creation and Immutability of God.
Ps. cii. 25—28.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name,
And bow with reverence, while we praise
The ancient of eternal days.

2 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in uncreated light;

Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems pass away.

3 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

4 But let all nature fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
Consume the earth, dissolve the skies;

5 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

270. C. M.

The Vanity of Human Life.

1 FRAIL life of man! how short its stay,
And various as the wind!
We laugh and sport our hours away,
Nor heed the woes behind.

2 See the fair cheek of beauty fade,
Frail glory of an hour!
And blooming youth, with sickening head,
Droop like the dying flower.

3 Wealth, pomp, and honour, we behold
With an admiring eye,
Like summer insects dressed in gold,
That flutter, shine, and die.

4 Then rise, my soul, and soar away
Above the thoughtless crowd,
Above the pleasures of the gay,
And splendours of the proud;

5 Where everlasting beauties bloom,
And pleasures all divine;
Where wealth, that never can consume,
And endless glories shine.

271. C. M.

The Instability of worldly Enjoyments. *Eccles.* i.

1 THE evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.

2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.

3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

4 The gourds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us often pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.

5 Since sin has filled the earth with wo,
And creatures fade and die;
LORD, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high!

272. 6 l. L. M.

"The fashion of the world passeth away." 1 *Cor.* vii. 29—31.

1 My soul! spring up with ardent flight,
Nor let this earth delude thy sight
With glittering trifles, gay and vain;
Wisdom divine directs thy view
To objects ever grand and new,
And faith displays the shining train.

2 Be dead, my hopes, to all below;
Nor let me grief unbounded show,
When mourning o'er my withered joys:
So this deceitful world is known;
Possessed, I call it not my own,
Nor glory in its painted toys.

3 The empty pageant rolls along;
The giddy, inexperienced throng
Pursue it with enchanted eyes:
It passeth in swift march away,
Still more and more its charms decay,
Till the last gaudy colour dies.

4 My God! to thee my soul shall turn;
For thee my noblest passions burn,
And drink in bliss from thee alone:
I fix on that unchanging home,
Where never-fading pleasures bloom,
Fresh-springing round thy radiant throne.

273. L. M.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth." *Heb.* xi. 13.

1 ARISE, my soul, on wings sublime
Beyond the vanities of time;
Remove the parting veil and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born, by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,
While I am walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And death is but returning home.

4 To dwell with God, to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above,
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

274. S. M.

A timely Improvement of Life. *Jer.* xiii. & *James* iv.

1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals! mark its pace;
Improve the hours of light;
And know, your Maker can command
An instantaneous night.

3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze;
And cuts from sanguine, vigorous youth,
The remnant of its days.

4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit, dash
Your momentary pride.

5 What most demands your care,—
O be it still pursued;
Lest slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

6 Then shall new lustre break
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

275. L. M.

Comparative Brevity of the longest Life. *Gen.* v. 27.

1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

2 Vain was the boast of lengthened years;
The patriarch's full maturity;
'T was but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.

3 "He lived,—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of th' historian's page!

Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

4 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie;
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly:

5 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds;
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

276. L. M.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time. *Eph.* v. 15, 16.

1 GOD of eternity! from thee
Did infant time his being draw:
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and swift they glide away:
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

3 With it, the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne,
On to that everlasting home,
The country whence there 's no return.

4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show;
We gaze in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom! teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys,
Beyond its measure and its power.

277. C. M.

God's Compassion to Human Frailty. *Ps.* ciii. 14.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name!
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.

2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.

3 Yet, LORD! whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose,
That he by whom our frame was reared,
Its various frailties knows.

4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.

5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every weakness cease.

278. C. M.

The Vanity of Human Life. *Ps.* xc. 1—5.

1 O GOD ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men ;"
And as from earth all rose at first,
Thither they turn again.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening song,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 But like an ever-flowing stream,
Time bears its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O GOD ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

279. 6l. L. M.

Solemn Reflections on the Uncertainty of Life.

1 WHEN a few years, or days perhaps,
Shall glide away in silent lapse,
Time then to me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's delusive dream be o'er.

2 My GOD! how awful is the scene!
A breath, a transient breath between,
And can I waste life's fleeting day?
To earth, alas! too firmly bound,
Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shivered when they 're torn away.

3 Great Cause of all above, below!
Who knows thee, must for ever know,
Thou art immortal and divine:
Thine image on my soul impressed,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine.

280. L. M.

The Frailty of Life and the Unchangeableness of Truth.
Isa. xl. 6, 7, 8.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,

The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride and beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
Dwindles, decays, and dies away.

5 But these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre, brighter far, shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast and death devour,
If heaven shall recompense our pains,—
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
Since firm the word of God remains.

281. L. M.

Warnings of Mortality.

1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
And none resist the fatal dart:
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to strike my heart?

3 Think, O my soul! how much depends
On the short period of to-day:
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?

4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use;
Awake! rouse every active power;
And not in dreams and trifles, lose
This little, this important hour!

5 Lord of my life! inspire my heart
With heavenly ardour, grace divine;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

6 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve;
And, while my days are shortening still,
Prepare me for the joys above.

282. L. M.

Prospect of the Real Christian. *Ps.* xvii.

1 LORD! I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
Whate'er the trial, I 'll complain
Of nought thy wisdom shall ordain.

2 What sinners value I resign:
LORD! 't is enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

3 This life 's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,

Hath joys substantial and sincere—
When shall I wake and find me there!

4 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

5 The change will come; this active mind,
To earth's dark scenes no more confined,
Shall burst the bonds with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

283. C. M.

Encouragement to the suffering Christian.

1 O THERE 's a better world on high;—
Hope on, thou pious breast;
Faint not, thou traveller! on the sky
Thy weary feet shall rest.

2 Anguish may rend each vital part,
Poor man, thy strength how frail;
Yet heaven's own strength shall shield thy heart,
When flesh and heart shall fail.

3 Through death's dark vale of deepest shade,
Thy feet must surely go;
Yet there, e'en there, walk undismayed;
'T is thy last scene of wo.

4 Thy God, and with the tenderest hand,
Shall guard the traveller through;
"Hail!" shalt thou cry; "hail, promised land!"
And wilderness, adieu!

5 O Father! make our souls thy care,
And bring us safe to thee;
Where'er thou art, we ask not where,—
But there 't is heaven to be.

284. 6*l.* C. M.

The Christian's Cross and Crown.

1 COME on, ye partners in distress,
Who, travelling through the wilderness,
Its cares and sorrows feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To yon celestial hill.

2 See Jesus there in triumph stands,
Head of the church's sacred bands,
Joined with th' angelic powers;
Lo! all that height of glorious bliss,
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours.

3 Though suffering with our Master here,
We shall before his throne appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And they that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice-blessed, soul-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting courage up,
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And all his people rise at last
With their triumphant Head.

285. L. M.

The Prospect of Sickness and Death.

1 When all the powers of nature fail;
When sickness shall our hearts assail,
And every nobler part pervade;
When every earthly wish shall fade:

2 When pain, of every nerve possest,
Shall vibrate in the throbbing breast;
And languor o'er our senses steal,
And med'cine lose its power to heal:

3 When our dim eyes are sunk in death,
And God, who gave, shall take our breath,
Do thou sustain the fainting heart,
And comfort to the soul impart:

4 May thy bright presence bring relief
From fear, despondency, and grief;
Directing, while it cheers, our way
To realms of perfect, endless day.

286. C. M.

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

1 When sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.

2 Then the tremendous arm of death
Its hated sceptre shows;
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.

3 The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint—but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.

4 The man whose pious heart is fixed
On his all-gracious God,
In every frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chastening rod.

5 Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heaven his soul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

287. C. M.

The Christian's Triumph over Death. 1 *Cor.* xv. 55.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hour,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful power.

2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips would sing,
Where is thy boasted victory, grave!
O death! where is thy sting?

3 Pardon and life,—how dear each word!
God, life and pardon sends,
And by our dying, rising Lord,
Ensures to all his friends.

4 All glory be to God on high,
And endless thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, though we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

288. C. M.

God, our Support in the Hour of Death. *Ps.* xxxviii. 9, 10.

1 My soul! the awful hour will come,
Apace it hastens on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.

2 My heart long-labouring with its cares,
Shall pant and sink away;
And you, mine eyelids, soon shall close
On the last glimmering ray.

3 Whence in that hour shall I derive
A cordial for my pain;
When, if earth's princes were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain?

4 Great King of nature and of grace!
To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All its desires to thee are known,
And every secret fear;
The meaning of each broken groan
Is noticed by thine ear.

6 O fix me, by that mighty power
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
And sighs are changed to songs.

289. S. M.

Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This curious frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever, from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every form and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 O LORD! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till we a nobler strain shall raise
From our immortal tongues.

290. C. M.

God, the everlasting Light of good Men. *Isa.* lx. 20.

1 Ye golden lamps of heaven! farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day!
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

291. C. M.

The earthly and heavenly Tabernacle. 2 *Cor.* v. 1—8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit trembling waits,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul! with joy embrace
Th' Almighty Father's call.

3 The gospel of his matchless grace
Reveals this heaven to come;
While glory, beaming from his word,
Allures and guides us home.

4 Pure are the joys reserved above,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lip or envious eye
Can see or taste that bliss.

5 Such are the hopes that cheer the just:
These hopes their God hath given;
His spirit is the earnest now,
And seals their souls for heaven.

6 What faith rejoices to believe,
Be ours the bliss to see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, LORD, with thee.

292. C. M.

Prospect of Heaven.

1 THOSE happy realms of joy and peace,
Fain would my heart explore,
Where grief and pain for ever cease,
And I shall sin no more.

2 No darkness there shall cloud the skies,
No languor seize the frame,
But ever-active vigour rise
To feed the vital flame.

3 But ah! a dreary vale between
Extends its awful gloom;
Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
The horrors of the tomb.

4 O for the eye of faith divine
To pierce beyond the grave!
To see that Friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save!

5 Here fix, my soul! for life is here;
Light breaks amid the gloom;
Trust in thy Father's love, nor fear
The horrors of the tomb.

293. 6 *l.* C. M.

The dying Saint.

1 WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who lived averse from sin!
Such peace on virtue's paths attends,
That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The christian's joys begin.

2 See smiling patience smooth his brow;
See bending angels downward bow,
To cheer his way on high!
While eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God,
Who taught him how to die.

3 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast;
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly solace from above,
And soothes his soul to rest.

4 O grant, my Father, and my Friend,
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
So calm my evening close;
While loosed from every earthly tie,
With steady confidence I fly
To thee, from whom I rose.

294. C. M.

The Peace of the Grave. *Job* iii. 17—20.

1 How still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there, from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode:

No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Nor dread the tyrant's rod.

4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

5 All levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their final doom.

295. C. M.

"Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord." *Rev.* xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their dying bed.

2 They sleep in Jesus and are blest;
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Shall we then tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the rich dust of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Like him they wake to life anew ;
And justified by grace,
Shall stand complete in glory too,
Before their Father's face.

296. C. M.

The Creation, an Emblem of the Resurrection.

1 ALL nature dies, and lives again ;
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield ;

2 Resign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast ;
And leave the naked, leafless plain,
A desolated waste.

3 Yet soon, reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

4 So to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

5 O may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest ;
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest.

6 Cheered by this hope, with patient mind
We 'll wait heaven's high decree ;
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set us free.

297. C. M.

"This mortal shall put on immortality." 1 *Cor.* xv. 52—58

1 When the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake;
The opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake:

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold what heavenly prophets sung,
Is seen fulfilled at last;
Death his unbroken sway resigns,
Which held the ages past.

4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
Let hope exulting sing:
O grave! where is thy triumph now?
O death! where is thy sting?

5 Our God, whose name be ever blessed,—
Disarms that foe we dread;
And makes us conquerors when we die,
Through Christ, our living head.

6 Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers press around;
And in the work prescribed by God,
Yet more and more abound.

298. C. M.

The Resurrection of Jesus, the Pledge of ours. 1 *Pet.* i. 3—5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When Jesus from the tomb arose,
Ascending to the skies,
The liveliest hope with us he left,
That we should also rise.

3 What though the feeble frame of man
Returns to native dust?
Since Christ, our pledge and pattern rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There 's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day:
'T is uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Thy servants by thy power are kept,
Till this deliverance come;
And walk by faith as strangers here,
Till thou shalt call them home.

299. C. M.

The great Consummation.

1 BRIGHT orb of heaven, thy circuit stay!
The Jewish victor cries:
So shall at last an angel say,
And rend it from the skies.

2 A flame intenser than the sun,
Shall melt his golden urn;
Time's empty glass no more shall run,
Nor human years return.

3 Then, with immortal splendour, bright,
That glorious orb shall rise,
Which through eternity shall light
The new-created skies.

4 On the bright ranks of happy souls
Those blissful beams shall shine;
While the loud song of triumph rolls,
In harmony divine.

5 O let not sordid, base desire,
The soul's dark, rayless night,
Unfit us for that sacred choir,
Or God's unchanging light!

300. L. M.

The final Retribution. *Dan.* xii. 1, 2.

1 THE heart dejected, sighs to know,
Why vice triumphant reigns below;
Why saints have fallen in every age,
The victims of tyrranic rage.

2 Fast roll successive years away;
Fast hastens the important day,
When to th' astonished world's surprise,
God's high tribunal shall arise.

3 Hark! 't is the trumpet's piercing sound,
The rising dead assemble round!

In countless numbers, see they come,
To hear the everlasting doom.

4 Lo there, a vile, degenerate race;
Pale terror sits on every face:
Here, on the right, a joyful band,
The sons of suffering virtue stand.

5 That doom decreed,—thy chosen rise
To swell the chorus of the skies;
But ah! how many, this world's fame
Change for remorse, despair, and shame.

6 Thus shall God's providence appear
Without a shade, divinely fair;
And blushing doubt with joy confess,
The Lord 's a God of righteousness.

301. L. M.

The Dissolution of the present State. 2 *Pet.* iii. 11, 12.

1 ARISE, my soul! extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
And meditate the awful day,
When this vain world must pass away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
Through heaven's wide arch from pole to pole!
Pale sun—no more thy lustre boast!
Tremble and fall, ye starry host!

3 The wreck of nature all around,
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

4 Children of Adam,—how will fear
Sink firmest hearts, the sounds that hear!
When, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To unimagined bliss or wo.

5 LORD! to my eyes this scene display,
Frequent through each returning day;
That grace may thus my soul prepare
To find its full redemption there.

302. L. M.

The general Assembly of the Blessed.

1 FROM north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest:
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.

2 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit now they know;
And all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only Parent now adore.

3 On earth, if faithful to their light,
Whate'er to them that rule of right,
Grace shall pronounce their sins forgiven,
And ope to them the gate of heaven.

4 See, how along th' immortal meads,
His glorious host the Saviour leads,
And brings the myriads none can count,
To seats of joy on Zion's mount!

303. C. M.

A Prospect of Heaven.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
And Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

304. S. M.

Heaven. *Rev.* vii. 15—17.

1 FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

3 There sickness never comes;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

4 No strife nor envy there
The sons of peace molest:
But harmony and love sincere,
Fill every happy breast.

5 No cloud those regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

6 There 's no alternate night,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

7 O! may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
And lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

305. L. M.

Heaven, the Reward of virtuous Exertions. *Dan.* xii. 3.

1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

2 There shall the servants of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine;
Surprising honour! vast reward!
Conferred on man, by love divine.

3 Rescued from that destructive way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves;
The heavenly virtue they display,
Which Jesus taught, and God approves.

4 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

5 On wings of faith and strong desire,
O may our spirits daily rise;
And reach at last the shining choir
In the bright mansions of the skies.

306. L. M.

Aspirations after Heaven.

1 FROM this world's joys and senseless mirth
O come, my soul, in haste retire;
Assume the grandeur of thy birth,
And to thy destined heaven aspire.

2 Here 's nought below deserves delay;
Nought that can bribe thy swift remove;
No stable ground thy hopes to stay,
Nor worthy object of thy love.

3 O then forbear on transient things
Thy hopes and fond desires to place;
Their gain no joy or comfort brings,
And weary is the doubtful chase.

4 'T is heaven alone can make thee blest,
And every wish and want supply;
Thy crown of joy, thy endless rest,
Are all above the lofty sky.

5 There shall mortality no more
Its wide-extended empire boast;
Forgotten all its dreadful power,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.

PART IV.

FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

307. L. M.

For the Lord's Supper.

1 This feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request:
Ye, who can feel his worth, attend,
Eat, drink, in memory of your friend.

2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song:
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassallage his kind:

3 And shall not he your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron sleep?
The great deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives e'en of death?

4 Shall he, who, fellow-men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthanked, uncelebrated rise,
Pass unremembered to the skies?

5 Christians! unite with loud acclaim
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name:
On earth extol his wondrous love;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

308. L. M.

Fidelity to our Saviour.

1 CANST thou, my soul! forget that friend,
On whom thy highest hopes depend?
Or shun the beams of heavenly day,
To follow nature's feeble ray?

2 O think what power and love divine
United in thy Saviour shine;
In him, whose name alone is given,
To guide thee to the bliss of heaven.

3 Forbid it, from this thoughtless heart
His cherished image e'er should part!
Or earth again my soul ensnare,
Which none with him, its Lord, should share.

4 Forbid it, Author of my frame,
O thou, from whom my spirit came!
Thy Son can endless life bestow;
To whom but him then should I go?

309. C. M.

Brotherly Kindness from the Precept and Example of Christ.

1 YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love, which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught,
Inspired by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

4 Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honoured name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

310. L. M.

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

1 JESUS is gone above the sky,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And earthly objects court our eye,
To thrust the Saviour from our thought.

2 He knew what treacherous hearts we have,
Prone to forget his wondrous grace;
And kindly this memorial gave,
Till we ascend to see his face.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With tokens of his dying love;
And we, who on its richness feed,
A foretaste gain of joys above.

4 Be sinful pleasures all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him!

311. L. M.

Invitation to the Lord's Supper.

1 FATHER! and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be these thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 O let thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

3 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared
In faith to own this dying friend;
Nor when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's death alone can give.

5 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
And with this bread all men be blest,
Who feel the influence of the sun!

312. C. M.

Dispositions proper for the Communion.

1 O HERE, if ever, God of love!
Let strife and tumult cease;
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace.

2 Not here, where met to think on him,
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come, to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 "Thy kingdom come;" we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

313. S. M.

The Communion of Christians. 1 *Cor.* x. 16. 17.

1 JESUS, the friend of man,
Invites around his board,
Those who his spirit share, to hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Here we show forth that love
Which spake in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
Alike the children of his love,
And he, the first-born son.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

5 Let all our powers unite,
His honoured name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

6 Warmed with our Master's love,
And God's unmeasured grace,
O let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.

314. 8 & 7s M.

Practical Influence of the Lord's Supper.

1 BLESS the God of our salvation;
Triumph in redeeming love:
Let us with glad exultation,
Imitate the blest above.

2 From the table now retiring,
Which for us his love hath spread;
May our souls refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

3 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

4 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,—
Peace attend us in believing!
Peace from God through endless day!

315. L. M.

"This do in remembrance of me." 1 *Cor.* xi. 24.

1 "EAT, drink, in memory of your Friend;"
Such was our Master's last request;
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live for ever blest.

2 Yes, we 'll record the matchless love
Of this the kindest, first of friends!
Whose dying love the noblest praise
That we can offer him, transcends.

3 Now at his table we are met,
His parting precept to fulfil;
Let not our hearts that love forget,
Which warms his faithful bosom still.

4 And thou, his Father and our own,
Accept the humble songs we raise;
Still to our thankful spirits, known
The object of our highest praise.

5 Teach us in all he did, to see
Inscribed the glories of thy name;
And let devotedness to thee,
Our gratitude to him proclaim.

316. S. M.

Children offered to God. *Mark* x. 14.

1 LO! Israel's Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
See, how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach,
Forbid them not," he cried;
"Of such my Father's kingdom is,
And such with him abide."

3 We bring them, gracious Lord!
And yield them up to thee,
Rejoiced that we ourselves are thine;
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Hear him, ye little flock!
Ye children! seek his face,
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace;

5 If orphans they are left,
Thy guardian love we trust;
That love can heal our bleeding hearts,
When weeping o'er their dust.

317. S. M.

"The promise is to you and your children." *Acts.* ii. 39.

1 LORD! what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace;
Thy love in long succession shown
To every rising race.

2 The promise, how divine,
To Abram and his seed:
"I 'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

3 This wide-extensive love
Shall to all time endure;
As ages past have ever found
The promised blessing sure.

4 Thee shall the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore;
Allied to God in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more;

5 Thy covenant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which closer still engage their hearts
To honour thy commands.

6 To parents and their seed
Let thy salvation come;
And countless households meet at last
In one eternal home.

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318. H. M.

Nativity of Christ.

1 HARK! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear:
Now all is still,
Now wild it floats
In tuneful notes,
Loud, sweet, and shrill.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine:
See how from heaven they bend
And in full chorus join.
Fear not, say they,
Great joy we bring:
Jesus, your king
Is born to-day.

3 He comes, your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb.
Your voices raise,
With sons of light,
Your songs unite
Of endless praise.

4 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound.
For peace on earth,
From God in heaven
To man is given,
At Jesus' birth.

319. S. M.

The Birth of Christ. *Luke* ii. 14.

1 BEHOLD! the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song:

2 "Glory to God on high;
And heavenly peace on earth:
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!"

3 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues:
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

4 Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!

320. L. P. M.

For a Christian Festival.

1 O THOU! from whom all blessings flow;
Whose goodness crowns the varied year,
While nature's works thy bounty show,
Let gratitude salute thee here;
Swell, gently swell the solemn song,
Now pour the bounding notes along,
Teach choirs below, to choirs above,
To echo back the common lay,
And, as they praise unbounded love,
To join in bounty's holiday.
To God, the universal King,
Be sacred every grateful choir!
In ceaseless hymns, all praises sing,
That endless bounty can inspire!

2 All lost, beneath stern winter's reign,
Creation's genial powers appeared,
Spring called them into life again,
See, budding verdure shows they heard;
Bless, bless, O man! the kind design,
Whose nobler counter-part is thine!
Thy powers a gloomier winter froze,
Till thy Messiah's cheering ray,
Prolific of fair truth arose,
And shed the blaze of mental day,
To God, the universal King, &c.

3 All spotless as the truth he brought,
Free as the mercy he displayed,
His life all human duty taught,
In each divinest grace arrayed;
Each precept thus enforced, he gave
His precious life the world to save.
O thou, whose heavenly mercy sent
Thy Son to bless a sinful race;
Let every heart with one consent
Adore thy free, thy wondrous grace.
To God, the universal King,
Be sacred every grateful choir!
In ceaseless hymns, all praises sing,
That endless mercy can inspire.

321. C. M.

Gratitude to God, a principle of Beneficence.

1 WHAT shall we render, God of love!
For all the grace we see?
The best requital man would give,
Can never reach to thee.

2 Our offering is a willing mind
To comfort the distrest;
In others' griefs, our own to find,
In others' blessings, blest.

3 To tents of wo, to beds of pain,
Our cheerful feet repair;
And with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad;
And hungering souls we 'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.

5 Thus what our heavenly Father gave,
Shall we as freely give,
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

6 While passing through this vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

322. 8 & 7s M.

For an Orphan and Widow Institution.

1 LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory unconfined,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.
As thy love through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the scorned and humble station
Rises in thine equal sight.

2 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warmed thy faithful prophet's tongue,
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:
"When thine harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scattered ears behind.

3 "When thy olive plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.

When thy favoured vintage flowing,
Gladdens thy autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean."

4 Still we read thy words declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.
Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care,
Screened by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

323. L. M.

The Blessing of the Beneficent. *Ps.* xli. 1—3.

1 BLEST is the man, whose heart is kind,
And melts in pity to the poor;
Who, with a sympathizing mind,
Feels what his fellow-men endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord hath pity too.

3 This man shall live secure on earth
With secret blessings on his head,
While sword or pestilence or dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if with mortal sufferings tried,
Sufferings shall all his soul refine;
Sweet hope his refuge shall provide,
And minister a bliss divine.

324. 6 *l.* L. M.

Charity essential. *Matt.* xxv. 34.

1 O YE, who seek Jehovah's face,
Bow at his throne, and feel his grace,
Who ask in prayer, and own in praise,
That bounteous love which gilds your days,
Catch from above the hallowed flame,
And dignify the christian name.

2 Where'er distress and pain appear,
Let pity's ready hand be there;
With cheering wine, and fragrant oil,
Bid languor glow, and anguish smile:
Though wo her lowliest form may wear,
Yet God has stampt his image there.

3 When he, the sovereign Judge, draws nigh,
And holds th' unerring beam on high;
Then shall sweet charity prevail,
And angels mark the sinking scale;
Jesus shall call his followers home,
"Ye blessed of my Father, come!"

325. C. M.

For a Sunday School.

1 HEAR, LORD! the song of praise and prayer,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place,
From children made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face!

2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play,
Thy holy sabbaths more.

3 Thanks that we hear,—but O, impart
To each, desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn, as well as hear!

4 Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,—
A sun that ne'er declines;
And countless blessings rest on those,
Who placed us where it shines!

326. S. M.

Devotedness to the Cause of Christ.
(For a Missionary Occasion.)

1 I LOVE thy Zion, LORD!
The place of thine abode;
The church, the blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O GOD!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thine hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo!
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till these in glory end.

327. C. M.

Universal Prevalence and Power of the Gospel implored.
(For a Missionary Occasion.)

1 GREAT GOD, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine:
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy power and glory shine.

2 Thou too, the God of grace, hast sent
The gospel to mankind,
Revealing what unbounded love
Is treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 When, Afric, shall thy sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word!
And vassals, long-enslaved, become
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall the savage, wandering tribes,
A dark bewildered race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn his saving grace?

6 Smile, LORD, on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

328. H. M.

God, our Preserver in a sickly Season. *Ps.* cxxi.

1 UPWARD we lift our eyes,
From God is all our aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth's foundations laid.
God is the tower
To which we fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 Our feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Thy servants keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take our health away
If God be with us there.
Thou art our light,
And thou, our shade,
To guard our head
By noon or night.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save our souls from death?
And we can trust thee, LORD,
To keep our mortal breath:

We 'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call us home.

329. L. M.

God, our Refuge in prevalent Diseases and Dangers.
Ps. xci. 1—7.

1 He, that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is his life; his wings are spread
To shield him with a healthful shade.

3 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight-death,
Still he is safe; the poisoned air
Again grows pure, if God be there.

4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

5 The sword, or pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

330. C. M.

Hope in the Death of Friends.

1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains,
How all the tender passions mourn,
And the fond heart complains!

2 But down to earth, alas, in vain
We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upwards learn to rise.

3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray:
And guides us from the darksome tomb,
To realms of endless day.

4 Be thou our comfort, mighty GOD!
Our helper and our friend;
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

5 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led;
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

6 Let us be weaned from all below;
Let hope our grief dispel;
And death but find us trained to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

331. C. M.

The Reunion of virtuous Friends after Death.

1 BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more,
And with celestial welcome, greet
On an immortal shore.

2 The parent finds his long-lost child;
Brothers on brothers gaze;
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.

3 Each tender tie dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crowned;
All that was dead, revives again,
All that was lost, is found.

4 And while remembrance, lingering still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours;
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
The soul's expanded powers.

5 Congenial minds arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange;
Nor cease with ever-new delight,
On wings of love to range.

6 Their father marks their generous flame,
And looks complacent down;
The smile that owns their filial claim,
Is their immortal crown.

332. L. M.

A Funeral Hymn.

1 THOU, GOD of mercy! wilt indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty, ever-living Friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our GOD,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent, Proctector, Guardian, Guide!
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father GOD! to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend!
And on thy gracious love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

333. 6 *l.* L. M.

Life, Death, and Resurrection.

1 ETERNAL GOD! how frail is man!
Few are the hours, and short the span,
Between the cradle and the grave;
Who can prolong his vital breath?
Who, from the bold demands of death,
Hath skill to fly, or power to save?

2 But let no murmuring heart complain,
That, therefore, man is made in vain,
Nor the Creator's grace distrust;
For though his servants day by day,
Go to their graves, and turn to clay,
A bright reward awaits the just.

3 Jesus hath made thy purpose known,
A new and better life hath shown,
And we the glorious tidings hear:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That we can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

334. C. M.

On the Death of a Child.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;—
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo! stern winter flies;
And dressed in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flowery tribes arise.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

5 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears:
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

335. L. M.

A Funeral Hymn.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust:
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in thy silent dust.

2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch its soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break, sacred morning, from the skies!
Then, clothed anew in bright array,
Immortal form! to life arise,
And swell the song of endless day.

336. C. M.

Spring.

1 WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,—
How sweet the vernal day!

2 How kind the influence of the skies!
Soft showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.

3 O let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

5 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

337. L. M.

Seed-time and Harvest. *Ps.* lxv.

1 THE rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Both in their turns thy power display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.

2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes,
All smiling round, thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich, diffusive blessings flow.

3 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares;

And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.

4 Thy sweet, refreshing showers attend,
And through the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend;
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.

5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year,
Thy paths drop fatness all around;
E'en barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.

6 Here spreading flocks adorn the plain;
There, plenty every charm displays;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

338. C. M.

The Providence of God in the Seasons.

1 THE rolling year, Almighty LORD!
Obeys thy powerful nod;
Each season, as it silent moves,
Declares the present God.

2 Waked by thy voice, blooms forth the spring,
In living verdure drest;
On hills, in vales, through fields and groves,
Thy beauties stand confest.

3 The sun calls forth the summer months,
Nor do the hours delay;
The fruits with varied colours glow
Beneath his ripening ray.

4 Thy liberal hand in autumn spreads
A universal feast;
Therein to share, denied to none,
The meanest or the least.

5 When winter rears her hoary head,
And shows her furrowed brow,
In storms and tempests, frosts and snows,
How awful then art thou!

6 The rolling year, Almighty LORD!
Obeys thy powerful nod;
Each season, as it silent moves,
Declares the present God.

339. L. M.

The Goodness of God in the Seasons.

1 GREAT GOD! at whose all-powerful call,
At first arose this beauteous frame,
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recovered, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.

3 O how delightful 't is, to see
The earth in vernal beauty drest!
While in each herb and flower and tree,
Thy bright perfections shine confest!

4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quickening rays.

5 Around us, in the teeming field,
Stands the rich grain, or purpled vine;
At thy command, they rise to yield
The strengthening bread, or cheering wine.

6 Indulgent God! from every part,
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
We see—we taste—let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

340. 10 & 11s M.

For New Year's or Thanksgiving Day. *Ps.* cxxxvi.

1 House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his graces sing;
The opening year his bounties shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.
The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending,
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

2 Thou earth, enlightened by his rays divine,
Teeming with grass and corn and oil and wine,
Crowned with his goodness, all thy tribes shall meet,
And lay their tribute at their Father's feet;
With grateful love, that liberal hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuseth every blessing.

3 His mercy never ends; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new beauties through new scenes displayed;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God.
The soul of man, through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

4 Burst into praise, my soul! all nature join;
Angels and men, in harmony combine:
While human years are measured by the sun,
And while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness in perpetual showers descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending.

341. L. M.

"Hitherto hath God helped us." 1 *Sam.* vii. 12.

1 My guardian GOD! I bless thy name,
The same thy power, thy grace the same;
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amidst ten thousand deaths I stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when I survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And while I tread the desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more:
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

342. L. M.

Life precarious. *Jer.* xxviii. 16.

1 GOD of our lives! thy constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year;
These lives so frail, thy love prolongs,
And wakes anew our annual songs.

2 What numbers in the little space,
Have vacant left on earth their place,
Since, from this day, the changing sun
Through his last yearly course has run.

3 We yet survive; but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
Secure against the spoiler, death,
I will retain this vital breath?

4 That breath is always in thy hand,
To stay or go at thy command;
Life's tenure is from thee alone,
Its limit all to us unknown.

5 That life, while it shall last, be thine,—
All else to thee we would resign;
Henceforth insensible to fear,
Though death should blast the opening year.

343. C. M.

Reflections on the Waste of Years. *Ps.* xc. 9.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks pursue their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 These eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake his face to see;

And every word and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

4 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift-advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

5 Waken, O GOD, this trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.

6 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul
To joy that never dies.

344. C. M.

Serious Reflections on our Mortal Condition.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my fleeting moments run—
The few which yet remain!

3 Awake, my soul! with all thy care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how fair, how sure,
And what, thy great concern!

4 Awake to serious, anxious thought:
The months gone by review:
What good, what evil hast thou done,
What work remains to do?

5 How is thy debt of love increased
To that sustaining power,
Which hath upheld thy feeble steps,
And brought thee to this hour!

6 To him then give thy remnant life,
And on his grace depend;
He 'll guide thee on the heavenly road
To its triumphant end.

345. L. M.

The Vanity and Frailty of Human Life. *Ps.* xxxix.

1 OUR life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.

2 How many e'en in youth's gay flower,
Brief pageants of the noontide hour,
Have faded in their brightest bloom,
The early tenants of the tomb!

3 O how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair!
How frail the strongest frame we see,
If thou its mortal doom decree!

4 As when the fretting moths consume
The curious labour of the loom,
The texture fails, the dyes decay,
And all its lustre fades away.

5 GOD of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk the pilgrim of a day,
A transient guest—thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

6 O Lord of life and seasons! we
Our sole reliance place on thee:
In thee we trust with holy fear,
And bless thee for the new-born year!

346. 7s M.

Reflections on the closing Year.

1 Lo! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons passed!
That we enter soon upon,
Will to many prove their last:
Hopes and joys of this year o'er,
If it brought or promised good,
It is now our own, no more
Than the years beyond the flood.

2 Some,—we now no longer see,
Who their mortal course have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we,
When the passing year begun.
Some,—but who, God only knows,
That are here assembled now,
Ere the opening year shall close,
To the common doom must bow.

3 If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome then the call will be
To depart and see thy face:

To thy saints while here below,
With new years, new mercies come,
But the happiest year they know,
Is their last that leads them home.

347. 7s M.

Close of the Year.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the closing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here!
Finished here probation's day,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer stay;
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Quick the destined mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
So our brief and transient days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, LORD, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us by thy grace to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
Take us to thy bliss above.

348. L. M.

Public Humiliation.

1 GREAT Framer of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore!
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power:

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That lifts the sea and wakes the wind;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part thy will assigned.

3 LORD, while thy judgments shake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fixed on thee,
Thy just, uplifted arm we own,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.

4 And though injustice grind the poor,
Or avarice stain the sordid hand;
Though stern ambition thirst for blood,
Or rude oppression waste the land;

5 Yet hear th' assemblies of thy saints,
Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray;
The country and the churches spare,
Nor let thy face be turned away.

6 O may our land in this her hour,
Submissive own thy chastening rod;
Then shall thy banner o'er her seen,
Proclaim again her guardian God.

349. C. M.

Penitent Humiliation.

1 O GOD of grace! oft has our land
Been like a burning brand;
Snatched from the fierce surrounding flame
By thy indulgent hand.

2 But have we learned thy name to fear,
Thy mercy to improve?
Have we been drawn to keep thy laws,
By all these cords of love?

3 Or, when on days like these we 've mourned
Our sins, and pardon prayed,
Have we not soon forgot our vows,
And far as ever strayed?

4 Too deeply conscious, though again
Our suppliant eyes we raise,
Shouldst thou refuse the help we ask,
We justify thy ways.

5 But, O thou God of perfect grace!
Here all our comfort lies,—
The truly broken, contrite heart,
Thou never wilt despise.

6 But while in this eternal truth,
Refuge alone we find,
Let the blest hope we wish to form,
To faithful duty bind.

350. L. M.

For a Fast-day in time of War.

1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground;
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all!

2 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a father's fond embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race;

3 O see, with what insatiate rage,
Thy sons their impious battles wage,
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood!

4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.

5 Great GOD! whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

351. S. M.

The Designs of Providence in the Revolutions of the World.

1 GOD, to correct the world
In wrath, is slow to rise:
But comes at length in thunder clothed,
And darkness veils the skies.

2 His banners, lifted high,
The nation's God declare;
And stained with blood, with terrors marked,
Spread wonder and despair.

3 All earthly pomp and pride
Are in his presence lost:
Empires o'erturned, thrones, sceptres, crowns,
In wild confusion tost.

4 While war and wo prevail,
And desolation wide;
In God, the sovereign Lord of all,
The righteous still confide.

5 Mysterious is the course
Of his tremendous way:
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.

6 Yet, though now wrapt in clouds,
And from our view concealed:
The righteous Judge will soon appear,
In majesty revealed!

7 He 'll curb the lawless power,
The deadly wrath of man:
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

8 Then all the sons of tyrranny
In ruin shall be hurled;
And light, and liberty, and bliss
Embrace the new-born world.

352. L. M.

Praise for the Return of Peace. *Ps.* xlvi.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain:

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course and bounds their power;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Reviving commerce spreads her sails;
The fields are green, and plenty sings
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.

5 Thou kind, and wise, and righteous LORD,
All move subservient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore!

353. C. M.

For the original Settlement of New England.

1 FATHER supreme of heaven and earth!
Creative source of all!
Whence infant nations spring to birth,
And empires rise and fall;

2 Thy throne above the circling spheres,
Shall stand, though centuries roll;
Nor boundless space nor endless years,
Can limit thy control.

3 To him from whom our blessings flow,
Who all our wants supplies,
This day the choral song and vow
From grateful hearts shall rise!

4 'T was he who led the pilgrim band
Across the stormy sea;
'T was he who stayed the tyrant's hand,
And set an empire free!

5 When shivering on a strand unknown,
In sickness and distress,
Our fathers looked to God alone,
To save, protect, and bless!

6 Be thou our nation's strength and shield,
In manhood, as in youth;
Thine arm for our protection wield,
And guide us by thy truth!

354. 6 l. L. M.

Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.

1 How rich thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our public blessings spring;
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from every foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim,
This land through every age shall own,
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

4 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
O still may God amidst us reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

355. L. M.

The Year crowned with Goodness. *Ps.* lxv. 11.
(For a new Year or annual Thanksgiving.)

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ;
While in thy temple we appear,
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole:
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer suns with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade!

6 O may our more harmonious tongues
Hereafter join in nobler songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

356. L. M.

Consecration of a Church.

1 And wilt thou, great and glorious God!
Regard us from thy radiant throne,
On earth establish thine abode,
And choose this temple as thine own?

2 While to thy name these courts we rear,
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, grant us here
To see thy reconciled face.

3 Here, endless life may all pursue,
Here, the unerring way be shown,
To know thyself, the ONLY TRUE,
And Jesus, thine anointed Son.

4 May truth with sweet resistless force
Hither constrain her guests to come;
Arrest the sinner's downward course,
And bring thy children to their home.

5 Long may thy light and truth remain,
To bless this place when we are gone,
And myriads here be born again,
The heirs of glory round thy throne.

357. C. M.

Dedication or Ordination Hymn. *Ps.* cxxxii. 8—18.

1 Arise, O God of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blessed.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty GOD! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provision of thine house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

358. L. M.

At the Settlement of a Minister.

1 GREAT LORD of angels! we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below;
And 'midst ten thousand sons of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,
Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy kingdom and thy truth to spread,
And form a people for thy praise.

3 At length, dismissed from feeble clay,
Thy servants join th' angelic band;
With them through distant worlds they fly,
With them before thy presence stand.

4 O blest employment! glorious hope!
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When shall we reach those radiant courts,
And all their joys and honours share?

5 Yet, while these labours we pursue,
Though distant from thy heavenly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
And half their heaven shall here be known.

359. L. M.

On the dangerous Sickness of a Minister.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.

2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief:
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

3 Avert thy dessolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock;
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.

4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O GOD, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

5 But if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, and thou his stay,
Through death's dark vale to endless day.

360. C. M.

For a vacant Congregation on the Death of its Minister.

1 THOUGH earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue:

2 Th' immortal shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

3 To him when mortal comforts fail,
His suppliant people fly;
And on his ever-watchful care,
With cheerful hope rely.

4 The powers of nature, LORD, are thine;
And thine the aids of grace:
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through every rising race.

5 Exert thy sacred influence here,
Thy mourning servants bless:
O change to strains of cheerful praise,
Their accents of distress.

361. L. M.

Family Duties and Blessings. *Gen.* xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of men! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace:
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand,
Their root and branches are sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Though Lord of heaven, he deigns to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To thee may each assembled house
Morning and night, present its vows;
And servants, with the rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 Then shall the charms of wedded love,
Still more delightful blessings prove:
And parents' hearts shall overflow
With joys, that parents only know.

5 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall see our children's children rise;
Till pleased and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.

362. C. M.

Secret Devotion. *Matt.* vi. 6.

1 FATHER divine! thy piercing eye
Shoots through the shades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 I 'll leave behind each earthly care;
To thee my soul shall soar;
While grateful praise and fervent prayer
Employ the silent hour.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

363. C. M.

God may be worshipped in every Place.

1 THEE, the high heavens cannot contain,
Thou universal LORD!
Who yet in every heart will deign
To dwell, and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God,
Are ever near his throne.

4 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
With grateful joy to sing;
Nor from thine altar cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

364. C. M.

Privation of Sanctuary Privileges lamented. *Ps.* xlii. 1—5.

1 O THE abundance of thine house,
The rich enjoyments there!
To live an exile from thy courts,
How shall my spirit bear!

2 In worship when I joined thy saints,
How sweetly passed my days!
Prayer, my divine employment then,
And all my pleasure, praise.

3 With those that to thy house resort,
My sacrifice was paid;
And there my zeal fulfilled the vows,
My soul in anguish made.

4 But now I 'm lost to every joy,
Because detained from thee;
Those golden moments ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

5 Yet O, my soul! why thus depressed,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former kindness fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

6 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,
And was not God thy guide?

365. C. M.

Religious Education.

1 WHEN opening life its scenes unfolds,
So dazzling and so new;
What hopes illume each coming day,
And brighten every view!

2 How shall th' untutored mind of youth,
Elastic and elate,
Discern the perils and the griefs
Which after-life await?

3 O may it be a parent's joy
Their heedless steps to lead;
And save them from the thousand snares
By ill example spread.

4 The counsels of thy faithful word
Shall make their duty known;
And mould and regulate the hearts
To earthly follies prone.

5 Here may thy youthful servants learn
Timely to cleanse their way;
And steadfastly pursue the path
Which guides to endless day.

6 Their ripening years, since mercy waits,
Let it not wait in vain;
But form in them abundant fruit,
And still this fruit maintain.

366. C. M.

Heavenly Wisdom. *Prov.* iii. 13—17.

1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice;
And who, celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are,
Than is the gain of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Her left hand full displays.

4 She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

367. S. M.

The Voice of Wisdom. *Prov.* i. 20—26.

1 HARK! it is Wisdom's voice
That spreads itself around;
Come hither, all ye sons of earth,
And listen to the sound.

2 What though she speaks rebukes,
That pierce the soul with smart;
Yet love through all her chastenings runs,
By pain to mend the heart.

3 Ye, who have wandered long
In sin's destructive ways;
Return, return at my reproof,
And seize the offered grace.

4 Profusely I will pour
My spirit from above,
To arm you with superior strength,
And melt your hearts to love.

5 Come, whilst my offers last,
Ye sinners, and be wise;
He lives, who hears this friendly call,
But he that slights it, dies!

368. S. M.

Domestic Affection founded on Piety. *Ps.* cxxxiii.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 No joy can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet:
While praise devout, and mingled prayers,
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs,
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honours can bestow.

4 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart:

5 Formed for the purest joys,
By one desire possest;
One aim the zeal of all employs,
To make each other blest.

6 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

369. L. M.

Christian Friendship.

1 How blest the sacred tie, that binds
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2 To each, the soul of each, how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal wo;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together shall they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face:
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There 's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy—because of love.

370. S. M.

Friendship refined by Piety.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burthens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day,

6 When from this world of pain,
From sinful bondage free,
That love shall glow with purer flame,
And crown eternity.

371. L. M.

The Decay of the Year, or of Human Life.

1 THE man whose faith and hope are strong,
And free from vexing cares his mind,
As changing seasons pass along,
Can in them all fresh pleasures find.

2 The man whose faculties are sound,
His heart upright, and conscience clean,
With tranquil mind can pass his round
Of life, in every shifting scene.

3 Not only in his youthful prime,
And while his powers continue firm,
But when he feels th' effect of time,
And age prepares him for the worm:

4 Grateful for every blessing past,
Patient in every present ill;
And on whatever ground he 's placed,
Hope does with pleasing prospects fill.

372. L. M.

A happy Life.

1 How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth, his utmost skill!

2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame, or private breath:

3 Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

4 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
To crave for less, and more obey,
Nor dare with heaven's high will contend.

5 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

373. C. M.

On recovering from a dangerous Sickness.

1 My God! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise!

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk in pain.

3 Calmly I watched my ebbing life,
I knew thy time was best,
Nor feared t' obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my gracious God,
Did I my soul resign,
And humbly trusted in thy grace,
For pardoning love is thine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor would I wish a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

374. S. M.

Prayer in Sickness.

1 MY Sovereign! to thy throne
With humble hope I press;
O bow thine ear to hear the groan
Of anguish and distress.

2 My life bowed down with pain,
Mourns its decaying bloom;
O clothe these bones with flesh again,
And save me from the tomb.

3 Without one murmuring word,
Thy chastening I receive;
But with submission ask, O LORD!
A merciful reprieve.

4 Distressed and pained as now,
Thine aid I once implored;
Thy pity heard my earnest vow,
Thy power my health restored.

5 My supplicating voice,
Unwearied I will raise;
Say to thy servant's soul—"Rejoice,"
And fill my mouth with praise.

375. C. M.

In a Thunder Storm.

1 LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To sheltering caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders through the sky.

2 Protected by that hand, whose law
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure
As in the blaze of day.

3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Power,
That breathes the vernal air.

4 Through nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven,
Is universal good.

5 With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
And blushes in the rose.

6 When through creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the guilty soul:

7 Unmoved may we the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the tranquil morn
Of life's eternal day.

376. C. M.

Hymn for the Mariner or Traveller. *Ps.* cvii.

1 LET songs of praise from all below
To thee, O GOD, ascend,
Whose bounties unexhausted flow,
Whose mercies know no end.

2 But chief by them that debt be paid,
'Midst dangers circling round,
Who still in thine almighty aid
Have sure protection found.

3 The wandering exile, doomed to stray
O'er many a desert wide;
Who fearless takes his lonely way,
With thee, his guard and guide:—

4 The sailor on the swelling sea,
When storms impending lower,
Or tempests rage; who trusts in thee,
And owns thy mighty power:—

5 The wretch, who pressed by countless woes,
That no cessation see,
Still bids his steadfast hope repose,
Almighty LORD, on thee:

6 All, all shall join to bless thy name,
Whose heavenly aid they prove;
As all have felt, let all proclaim
Thy goodness, power, and love!

377. L. M.

Guidance through the Duties of the Day implored. *Ps.* xix.

1 GOD of the morning! at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole world he flies and shines.

3 Thus like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 LORD! thy commands are clear and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss:
Let all desires and hopes beside,
Be faint and cold compared with this.

378. L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

1 WHILE sleep's oblivion o'er me spread,
I safely passed the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian GOD! to thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;

Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

379. C. M.

A Morning Hymn.

1 TO THEE let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates my day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If good thy providence impart,
For which resigned I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As sin or folly's cure;
Patient to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.

5 If bright or cloudy scenes await,
Some profit let me gain;
That heaven, nor high nor low estate
May send to me in vain.

6 Be this and every future day,
Still wiser than the past;
That from the whole of life's survey,
I may find peace at last.

380. L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

1 AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 By influence of the light divine
Let thine own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

3 LORD! I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 All praise to thee who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
O grant, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

381. L. M.

The daily Goodness of God.

1 MY GOD! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 Still make my daily wants thy care,
Forgive the sins which I forsake;
And while I in thy kindness share,
Let fellow-men of mine partake.

4 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

382. C. M.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

1 EACH morning, O my GOD! on thee
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 Thou lead'st me thro' the maze of sleep
To hail the morning light;

And with the same paternal care,
Dost guide my steps till night.

4 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

5 My spirit, in thy hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For whether waking or asleep,
Thou, LORD, art with me still.

383. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

1 ALL praise to thee, my GOD! this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own Almighty wings!

2 Forgive the sins, through thy dear Son,
This day I 've felt, or thought, or done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Serene behold the judgment-day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more active make
My God to serve, when I awake.

5 If death itself my sleep invade,
Why should I be of death afraid?

Protected by thy powerful arm,
Though he may strike, he cannot harm.

6 For death is life, and labour rest,
If with thy gracious presence blest:
Then welcome sleep or death to me,
I 'm still secure, for still with thee.

384. L. M.

An Evening Hymn. *Ps.* iv. 8.

1 THUS far, thou, LORD! hast led me on;
Thus far thy power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of thy grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
Thou wilt forgive my follies past,
And give me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow of my head;
Thine ever-watchful eye shall keep
Its constant guard around my bed.

4 Faith in thy name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning may I bear
Thy loving-kindness on my heart!

5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My frame shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

385. 7s M.

Meditations in the Night Season. *Ps.* lxiii. 6.

1 WHAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me;
While with God's protection blest,
Cares and fears ne'er haunt my breast.

2 While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way:

3 While the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise.

4 'Midst the silence of the night
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceasless love and ceasless praise;

5 'Midst the throng, his gentle ear
Shall my grateful accents hear;
From on high will he impart
Secret comfort to my heart:

6 Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love:
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with thee!

ASCRIPTIONS AND BENEDICTIONS.

1. 8 & 7s M.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator,
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song:
For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy;
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

2. S. M.

To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all that dwell below the skies,
Their grateful homage bring:
May he present our souls
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

3. L. M.

Lord! may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace,
And through each path of duty move,
With filial awe and filial love.

4. 8 & 7s M.

LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
O might each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

5. L. M.

To thee, Supreme, the ever-blest,
Be praise in thankful notes addrest ;
Such as the stars of morning sung,
When earth was on its balance hung :
Such praise as from th' angelic choirs,
And saints whom zeal like theirs inspires,
In heaven above, and earth below,
Still flows, and shall for ever flow.

6. C. M.

BLEST are the souls, that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light, their steps surround :
The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Christian ! thy Saviour ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

7. 7s M.

GLORIOUS in thy saints appear,
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Light and life to all impart,
Shine on each believing heart,
And in every grace, complete,
Make us, LORD! for glory meet,
Till we stand before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

8. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
Unceasing are thy mercies, LORD!
Unchanging truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

9. C. M.

PITY thine erring world, O GOD!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home:
We long to see thy churches full,
That all thy chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

10. 8 & 7s M.

LORD of nature! God Almighty!
In pity, view thy world below:
Guide our erring footsteps rightly
Through these scenes of guilt and wo:
Grant thy spirit! by thy kindness
Let our follies be forgiven:
Heal our sins, dispel our blindness;
Lead us in the path to heaven.

11. 7s. M.

THOU dost, LORD! thy saints sustain,
While they in thy courts remain,—
Grant us, separate, still to share
Thy protection, presence, care.
Here again we fain would raise
Our united prayers and praise;
But if not that joy be known,
May we meet around thy throne.

12. 8 & 7s M.

GRACIOUS Source of every blessing!
Guard our breasts from anxious fears;
Let us, each thy care possessing,
Sink into the vale of years;
All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace, companion of our way:
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

ORDINATION HYMN.

1 Come, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Thy grace to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou eternal Lord!
By heaven and earth adored;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Be thou, our comfort here:
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Omnipotent thou art,
Then rule in every heart;
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 O Holy One! to thee
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore:
Thy sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see;
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

DEDICATION HYMN.

BY THE REV. DR. NICHOLS.

1 O THOU, our fathers' God!
Their children seek thy face,
To own thy guardian hand,
Where they invoke thy grace;
And where we now awake the song,
Which lips unborn, shall still prolong.

2 We hail thine altars, LORD!
In every age thy care;
Those Zion courts, more blessed
Than Israel's dwellings are:
Where praise with praise more deeply flows,
And heart with heart more warmly glows.

3 Here may awakened souls
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above:
Here ope thy gate, and bid arise
Those visioned steps that reach the skies.

4 O sovereign LORD! descend,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy rest,
This people as thy own;
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
That God will dwell with men below.

FAREWELL HYMN

[ON LEAVING AN ANCIENT CHURCH.]

BY THE REV. DR. FLINT.

1 HERE to the High and Holy One,
Our fathers early reared
A house of prayer, a lowly one,
Yet long to them endeared
By hours of sweet communion
Held with their covenant God;
As oft, in sacred union,
His hallowed courts they trod.

2 Though other shrines of statelier form
Rose o'er this hallowed spot,
The glory of thy former house
From memory faded not;
Still dear the light that led them,
When they were faint and few;
And dear thy word that fed them,
Whence all their strength they drew.

3 Gone are the pious multitudes,
That here kept holy time,
In other courts assembled now
For worship more sublime.
Their children, we are waiting
In meekness, LORD, thy call;
Thy love still celebrating,
Our hope, our trust, our all.

4 These time-worn walls, the resting-place
So oft from earthly cares,
To righteous souls now perfected,
We leave with thanks and prayers;
With thanks, for every blessing
Vouchsafed through all the past,
With prayers, thy throne addressing
For guidance to the last.

5 Though from this house, so long beloved,
We part with sadness now,
Yet here, we trust, with gladness soon
In fairer courts to bow;
So when our souls forsaking
These bodies, fallen and pale,
In brighter forms awaking,
With joy the change shall hail.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM'S SONG.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that 's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for man's redemption slain;
Countless hosts of saints and angels
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Hark! the mountain's base is rending!
Shakes the wide creation round!
Hear the trump, the Judge proclaiming,
Thro' the realms of death resound!
How the summons
Will the scoffer's heart confound!

3 At that call, the dead awaking,
Rise to life from earth and sea!
All the powers of wondering nature,
At his voice prepare to flee.
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But ye blest, who pant to see him,
Clothed in majesty divine,
Long his name who 've loved and honoured,
Then may say—his God is mine:
Gracious Saviour,
Own us in that day for thine.

FUNERAL HYMN.

BY THE REV. BISHOP HORNE.

The Emblems of Death.

1 See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 "Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lesson we are reading;
Mark the awful truth we tell:

3 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread:
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead:

4 "What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you:
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 "Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

6 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid:
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

EASTER HYMN.

BY THE REV. HENRY WARE, JR.

1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen and man cannot die.

Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.

Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die."

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy.

Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.

Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY THE REV. REGINALD HEBER,
LATE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,*
Returns in bliss to reign.

* The gospel, promulgated by Jesus Christ, is repeatedly referred to in the epistles under the image of a new, that is, moral creation.

ANTHEM.

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty!
Thou, to whom alone are
All praise and glory due!
Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty!
Father everlasting!
Righteous, just, and true!

Bending down before thee,
Lo! thy sons adore thee,
Heart and voice declaring
Jehovah is thy name:
Winds in tempests blowing,
Waves o'er ocean flowing,
To remotest regions
Thy might and power proclaim.

In the heaven's expansion
Thou hast fixed thy mansion,
Clouds of endless glory
Encompassing thy throne;
Heard but in thy thunders!
Seen but in thy wonders!
Through eternal ages
Thou art God alone.

'T is thy breath informs us,
'T is thy spirit warms us,
If thy face be turned,
We should cease to be!
Height nor depth oppose thee,
Trembling nature knows thee,
Through the vast creation
There is none but thee!

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty!
Thou, to whom alone are
All praise and glory due!
Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty!
Father everlasting!
Righteous, just, and true!